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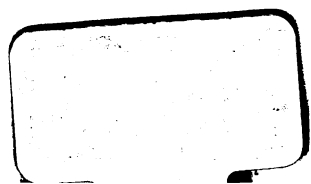
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135



HYMNS
OF THE
CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY
OSWALD ALLEN.

"MY MEDITATION OF HIM SHALL BE SWEET."—PSALM CIV. 34.

LONDON:
JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

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HAVING so often felt and witnessed the soothing and elevating effect of Hymns upon the human heart, the author has been encouraged to hope that the following, which cheered his own spirit, may, with the Divine blessing, be a comfort and a consolation to others.

Esteeming it the greatest privilege to do anything for the Lord Jesus, and the highest glory to have it said, "He hath done what he could;" these Hymns are humbly offered to Him, who has graciously declared:—"That a cup of cold water given to a disciple, in the name of a disciple, shall not lose its reward."

O. A.

KIRKBY-LONSDALE, *October* 1861.



To THEE, my God, my Saviour, and my Friend,
I humbly offer, as I lowly bend,
The first faint warblings of my grateful soul ;
Prelude to alleluias soon to roll,
When, with my harp among the blest on high,
I sweep the strains of heaven-born harmony.
Oh ! give them power to cheer the lonely way
Of some benighted one, and sing of day ;
To raise the fallen—wipe away the tear—
And tell the desolate that Thou art near.
Oh ! grant that they ambassadors may be,
Their blessed privilege to speak of Thee ;
To show Thy glory—to exalt Thy praise—
And hymn the wonders of Thy works and ways.
With Thee, my humble offering now I leave,
For Jesu's sake, this offering, Lord, receive.
Vouchsafe Thy blessing on These simple lays,
And Thine be all the glory and the praise.

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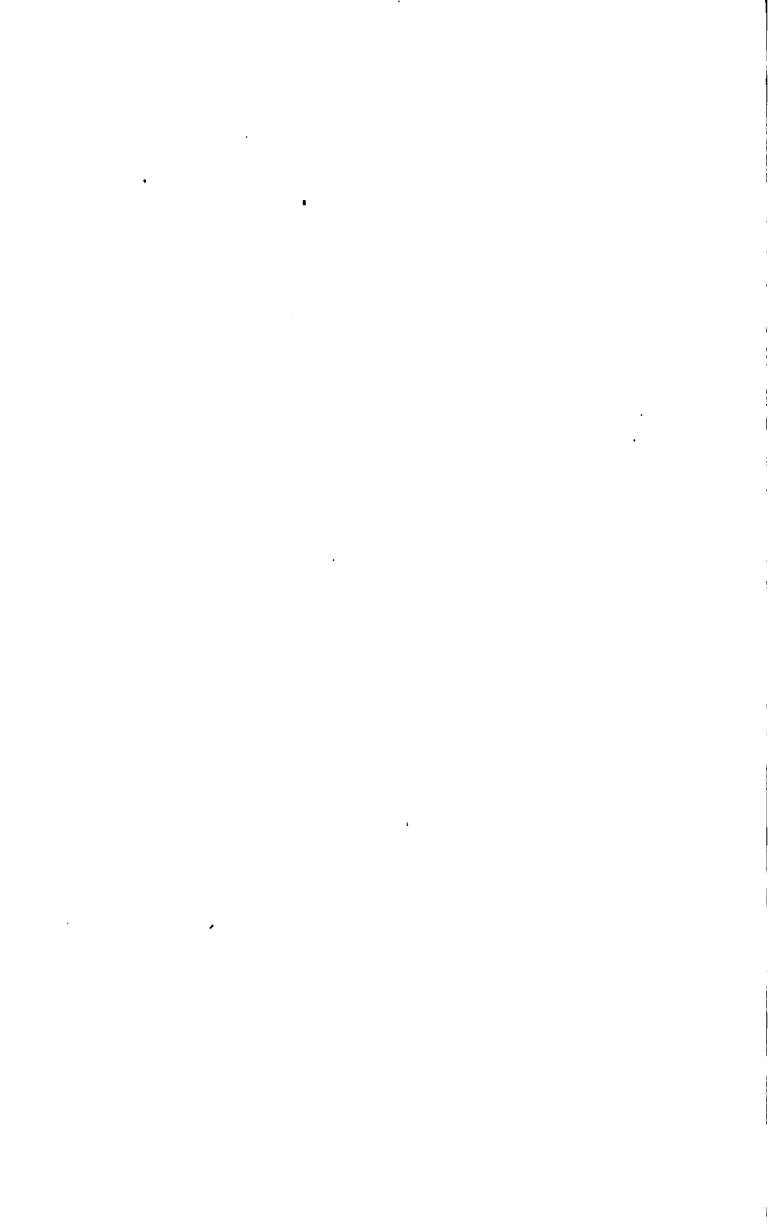
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The Christian Life.



THE PROCLAMATION.

“Ho, every one that thirsteth.”—ISA. lv. 1.

COME ye to the gospel waters,
Which are *always* troubled now ;*
Come, all Adam’s sons and daughters,
As beneath your sins ye bow ;
Christ is healing,
Jesus Christ is waiting now.

Now the gospel dispensation
Opens up this precious well,
Free to every tongue and nation—
Every land where sinners dwell ;
I have tried it,
And its virtues love to tell.

* “An angel went down at a certain season and troubled the waters.”
John v. 4.

It is Christ who now is crying
‘By the troubled waters’ side,
“Come to me, ye lost and dying,
Come to me, the Crucified ;”
I can heal you,
I to save you freely died.

Wait not now for favoured season
Ere yourselves ye venture in,
Commune not with man’s vain reason,—
Dying ere ye will begin ;
Here is pardon,
Pardon here, for every sin.

Look not now for man to take you,
And to dip you in its wave ;
Look not now for God to make you
Whole, yet use not strength you have ;
Christ will save you,
If His mercy you will crave.

Sinners, still shall Jesus call you ?
Shall He wait from day to day ?

Fear lest something worse befall you,
If from Him ye turn away ;
He entreats you,
God entreats you, say not nay.

THE INVITATION.

“Come thou with us, and we will do thee good.”—NUM. x. 29.

COME, and we will do thee good !
Tell thee of a loving Lord,
Lead thee to a stream of blood
For thy sins divinely poured.

Other streams are all in vain,
Vain thy many tears and sighs ;
Oceans cannot cleanse thy stain—
Only Christ's one sacrifice !

Vain all human hopes and fears ;
Angels cannot do thee good ;
Vain are thy Redeemer's tears,
If thou wash not in His blood !

Come, and we will do thee good !
Shew thee where the Lord is found ;
Tell thee of a stream of blood,
Of a land where joys abound.

All the worldling's streams run dry,
All his rivers are impure,
His best springs no life supply,
Not a drop of bliss secure !

Sin has withered all his joys
Like the canker in the rose ;
With its poison sin destroys
Every fountain ere it flows.

Heaven can never look on sin ;
There alone it cannot come.
Heaven in thee must now begin,
If thou choose it for thy home.

Come, and we will do thee good,
Rouse thee from thy fatal dream,
Point to Christ's atoning blood,
Shew thee life's pure crystal stream !

THE KNOCKING.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev.

How long shall I stand at the door
 Before thou wilt let me come in ?
 How long shall thy Saviour implore
 To save thee from sorrow and sin ?
 What friend ever waited like me,
 So loving, and patient, and true ?
 O let me Thy countenance see,
 Thy bolts and thy fastenings undo.

For thee—I was nailed to the cross ;
 For thee—I in agony died ;
 For thee—counted all things but loss ;
 That thee I might have for my bride ;
 For thee—I a righteousness wrought ;
 For thee—I a kingdom prepare ;
 For thee—a blood ransom I bought ;
 O come, and my blessedness share !

Ah ! Lord, I have turned a deaf ear
 Too long to Thine accents of love,

I bless Thee, that still Thou art here,
The bolts and the bars I remove.
O make Thine abode in my heart,
Unite it for ever with Thine,
And dwell there until I depart
With thee in Thy glory to shine.

My sins were the bolts kept Thee out ;
The world and its noise filled mine ears ;
Thy knocking was drowned in its shout ;
Unheeded Thy cries and Thy tears :
No more Thou shalt stand at the door,
I gladly now welcome Thee in.
O come, and abide evermore,
Thy presence will keep out all sin.

THE GATE OF MERCY.

“ I came not to call the the righteous, but sinners to repentance.”—Mark ii. 17.

NONE but the sinner here need come,
Mourning his lost estate ;
None but the souls returning home,
Enter by Mercy's gate.

None but the sinner bowing low,
 Forgiveness to implore ;
The proud some other way must go,
 And find some other door.

None but the needy here must come,
 Of every good stripped bare ;
An earthly tent, a heavenly home,
 Their Father will prepare.

The rich who in their riches trust ;
 The proud man in his pride ;
And they who worship blazoned dust—
 Pass to the other side.

The high o'erreaching intellect,
 The vain, inquiring mind,
The path of comets may detect,
 Yet here be sadly blind.

The righteous, trusting his good deeds,
 And highly moral state,
In earthly judgment-halls succeeds,
 But not at Mercy's gate.

Man's merit here is quite unknown,
He is shut out by pride ;
The only passport angels own
Is Christ the crucified.

The sinner's prayer is, " May I come,
Wilt Thou forgive my sin ?"
The Saviour's answer, " Welcome home,
And gladly enter in."

THE DOOR.

" I am the door."—JOHN x. 9.

JESUS ! Thou art the door
Which I had often sought,
And where my weary feet before
Thy Spirit oft had brought.
I to the threshold came,
And trembled more and more ;
Then, overcome with grief and shame,
I turned me from the door.

No rest my sinking soul,
Or weary feet, could find,
Until Thy Spirit o'er me stole,
And left a better mind.
Far better perish there,
Than in the desert wild ;
Again I did to Thee repair,
But fearful as a child.

Through mercy I espied
In words above the door—
“ Knock, and the door will open wide,”
And then my fears were o'er.
I knocked with all my might,
Hard followed by my sin,
Still knocking through that dreadful night,
Still crying—“ Let me in.”

Thy Spirit ope'd the door;
When, overcome with shame,
I only mercy could implore,
And breathe my Saviour's name.

Then, Jesus, Thou didst come
To take me by the hand,
And say, that I was welcome home
To heaven, my fatherland.

I felt in Thine embrace,
And in Thy promise true—
Though I had never seen Thy face,
That Thou wast one I knew.
A brother, who had died
To save a world from woe ;
And in Thy piercéd hands and side,
My Saviour, I did know.

THE WAY.

"I am the way."—JOHN xiv. 6.

CHRIST is the only way—
No other way is given ;
All other paths lead men astray,
Christ is the way to heaven.

In Eden man was pure,
God was in every thought ;
That happy state did not endure,
And sin its ruin wrought.

Christ is the living way
Man's dying soul to save ;
From night He leads to endless day,
Through darkness and the grave.

Christ's Spirit shews the way,
A guide that cannot err ;
On whom to lean from day to day,
The Holy Comforter !

Christ is the perfect way,
The end whereof is peace ;
However much our feet may stray,
In Him our wand'rings cease.

His word a perfect rule,
Our erring feet to guide ;
His discipline a perfect school,
To teach His love who died.

His life a holy book,
For our example given ;
On which we still adoring look,
Until we enter heaven.

Thou Way ! Thou Life ! Thou Truth !
On me Thy blessing send ;
My Father, and my Guide from youth,
O keep me to the end !

THE JOURNEY.

"Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock."—Psa. lxxx. 1.

JESUS ! through life's journey guide us
Safely to the promised land ;
From the storm and tempest hide us,
Watching o'er Thy lowly band.
We have passed through many dangers
In our pilgrimage of love,
Lived as outcasts and as strangers,
Marching to the world above.

Jesus ! none of these things move us,
Man forsakes us—Thou art true—
Thou wilt never cease to love us,
Thou hast strength to bear us through.
If men marked not our behaviour—
If our speech were like their own—
We should not be like our Saviour,
They or Thou must us disown.

Jesus ! Thee our souls have taken
For our Captain and our Guide !
All for Thee we have forsaken,
All we need Thou wilt provide.
Firmest trust in Thy love placing,
Cheerfully we hasten on,
Every promise firm embracing,
Till the kingdom we have won.

THE WARNING.

"Call ye upon Him while He is near."—Isa. lv. 6.

ARISE ! and call upon the Lord,
It may not be too late ;
Thou may'st avert the fearful word,
From foes who for thee wait.

Thee Satan hath desired to have,
And sought with hellish care ;
Thee God hath greatly wished to save—
For thee Christ offers prayer.

The angels long have watched for thee,
And hung upon thy life,
Confounded by thine apathy
In this momentous strife.

Shall angels watch thee day and night ?
The Spirit groan and weep ?
Shall Jesus lose His purchased right,
Because thou art asleep ?

The legions of the fearful pit
Have felt a rising hope,
That thou at last would'st enter it,
That God would give thee up.

Shall Satan's legions o'er thee yell
Across life's narrow brook ?
Oh ! shalt thou soon awake in hell,
Because thou would'st not look ?

Shall Jesu's blood be shed in vain ?
The Spirit's prayers be lost ?
The Father—must His love refrain ?
O think what thou hast cost !

Arise ! and call upon the Lord,
While it is still to-day ;
Christ's blood can yet avert the sword,
And wash thy sins away.

TO-DAY.

"While it is called To-day."—HEB. iii. 13.

TO-DAY, thou hast a hell to shun,
A paradise to gain,
Foes to forgive ere setting sun,
Or pardon to obtain ;
New sins with trembling to confess,
Forgiveness to implore,
And, with the deepest thankfulness,
God's goodness to adore.

To-day thou hast a lust to kill,
The flesh to mortify,
To gain a victory o'er thy will,
God's grace to magnify;
A neighbour's good with zeal to seek,
A work of love to do,
A word of tenderness to speak,
A combat to renew.

To-day, on death to meditate,
Eternity to know,

Thy Saviour's life to imitate,
And with His love to glow.
Jesus, His grace to thee must give,
His love, His power, His will ;
And thou by faith in Him must live,
These precepts to fulfil.

To-day thine utter weakness feel,
Thy foolishness and sin ;
At Jesu's footstool humbly kneel,
And seek His grace within,
To purify thy heart by faith,
And melt thy soul with love ;
Then walk with Him on earth till death,
And reign with Him above.

BECAUSE SO VILE I COME TO THEE.

"This man receiveth sinners."—LUKE xv. 2.

BECAUSE so vile I come to thee,
Because no other hope I see,
And Thou art still entreating me
To wash away my sin.

Because I other means have tried,
All remedies in vain applied,
I come to Thee, Thou Crucified,
To wash away my sin.

Because at none but mercy's gate
They would regard my lost estate;
And I in vain should daily wait
To wash away my sin.

Because Thou askest nought to pay,
And I have squandered all away;
Sin-sunk, and lost, I come to-day
To wash away my sin.

Because Thy virtue is divine,
No case more urgent, Lord, than mine;
No cleansing power, O God, like Thine
To wash away my sin.

Because Thou callest me to-day,
I will not, dare not, turn away,
Or longer from the fountain stay,
But wash away my sin.

Because I sin from day to day,
I come that sin to wash away ;
O hear me, as I humbly pray,
 And wash away my sin !

WE MUST FIND TIME TO DIE.

"It is appointed unto men once to die."—HEB. ix. 27.

Our souls, engrossed with temporal things,
 Eternal things pass by,
Nor hear the Spirit's whisperings,
 "Ye must find time to die."

Upon the past we sometimes brood,
 And heave a tribute sigh ;
The solemn thought will then intrude—
 "Ye must find time to die."

To this we yield a forced assent,
 But no attention pay ;
It is our foolish fixed intent
 First to enjoy to-day.

We have so many things to do—
So many things to know ;
Alas ! we are not nearly through,
When we ourselves must go.

Those many things are scorpions now—
Heaven's lightning in the sky
Is not so awful, Lord, as Thou—
We cannot, dare not, die.

The golden sands of life are run,
Its precious hours are o'er,
Our life, but not our work, is done,
And Death is at the door.

Oh misery ! Oh misery !
To hear the fearful cry,
To see the speechless agony
Of those who dare not die.

They see life's fast receding tide
With looks of mute despair ;
They look to Thee, whom they defied,
But find no comfort there.

O give us grace to turn to Thee,
So soon we pass away !
This moment may our latest be,
O make us wise to-day !

THE MORE CONVENIENT TIME.

"Thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice :
... they hear thy words, but they do them not."—Ezek. xxxiii. 32.

How many stand about Christ's door,
Attracted, yet no further go ;
Their sins unwilling to give o'er,
Their wished-for heaven they shall not know.

They listen to the songs within,
They see the joys of those who wait ;
But still they do not enter in,
They only stand without the gate.

Still unpersuaded they remain,
Unconscious of their awful state ;
Until alarmed they knock in vain,
The door is shut—they are too late !

Despairing words—Too late ! too late !
Where is their fearful sound not known ?
Heaven flings them backward from its gate,
Hell mutters them in every groan.

All men to heaven intend to go,
Most men for heaven a little try ;
But this world's joys they first must know,
And thus their golden hour slips by.

This life at best is but a dream,
Shall we its fading pleasures choose ?
For some bright flowers upon its stream,
Shall we the joys of heaven refuse ?

We may have sent our prayers to heaven,
And some good things perchance have done,
With many sins we may have striven—
Yet willing captives be of one.

We may for heaven so ready feel,
That we in peace and calm may wait—
Some fatal sin may o'er us steal,
The door is shut—we are too late !

ONLY BELIEVE.

"Be not afraid, only believe."—MARK v. 36.

"ONLY believe," and thou wilt see
A Saviour crucified for thee ;
Thy load of sins upon him laid,
For each a full atonement made.

"Only believe," and thou wilt see
A Father reconciled to thee
In Christ, whose righteousness divine,
A glorious garment, now is thine.

"Only believe," and thou wilt hear
A voice dispelling all thy fear ;
The Comforter shall cheer thy way,
From tearful night to joyful day.

"Only believe," and thou wilt feel
His balm hath power thy wounds to heal ;
His arm of mercy round thee pressed,
Shall guard and bear thee to thy rest.

“Only believe,” and thou shalt know
What heavenly gifts He can bestow ;
What pleasures are at His right hand,
Where thou shalt soon for ever stand.

“Only believe,” and thou shalt see
The Lord of glory come for thee ;
Thine earthly griefs and trials o’er ;
With Him to reign for evermore.

THE FOUNTAIN TRIED.

“Arise, and wash away thy sins.”—Acts xxii. 16.

ARISE, and wash away thy sin,
Bathe in the crimson tide
Which purifies the soul within,
And flows from Jesus’ side.

Why linger ere thou venture in ?
It is a fountain tried :
Arise, and wash away thy sin,
Bathe in the crimson tide.

Hast thou no sin to wash away ?

No soul to be made white ?

No longings for eternal day ?

No wish to walk in light ?

O let not great degrees of sin

Prevent thy timid soul ;

All are alike when once plunged in—

All are alike made whole.

Nor let thy small degree of sin,

Persuade thee to abide

Unwashed, unpurified within,

But seek the fountain tried.

It is not the degree of worth,

Will gain or forfeit heaven ;

We all are sinners from our birth—

And all may be forgiven.

All our best deeds are worthless shreds.

Which cannot clothe the soul,

Sin's poison in our nature spreads,

Till Jesus makes us whole.

Let not God's way too mean appear,
To seek and save the lost ;
Rejoice, the fountain is so near,
Its waters free of cost.

Its freeness makes the blessing thine,
Its fulness ever flows,
Its pureness makes thy life divine,
Its grace a heaven bestows.

Arise, and call upon thy God,
Bathe in the crimson tide ;
So shalt thou reach His high abode,
And bless the fountain tried.

THE CHOICE.

* Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt."—HEB. xi. 26.

THOUGH the world may smile upon thee,
Oh ! heed it not.
Though it lavish honours on thee,
Yet heed it not.

Trust not its deceitful smiling,
Thee of better things beguiling,
Rather brave its worst reviling,
And heed it not.

Sin will promise thee much pleasure,
Believe it not ;
When it offers thee much treasure,
Receive it not.

Soon its joys will pass for ever,
Death from all will soon dis sever,
Who shall then from sin deliver ?
Believe it not.

Oh ! rather choose the better part,
And lose it not.

Oh ! give thy Saviour all thine heart,
Refuse it not.

Joyful take His cross upon thee,
With His richest blessings on thee,
Faithful keep the crown He won thee,
And lose it not.

THE GOOD CONFESSION.

"With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."—ROM. x. 10.

O SHALL we blush to own our Lord,
Who is in highest heaven adored?
O shall we blush His love to tell,
Who saved our souls from death and hell?

O shall we hide within our breast
Our love to Him, still unconfessed?
No, we will rather spread abroad
The love and loveliness of God.

To know, and not Thy love to tell;
To feel its power, yet silent dwell;
To see, and not Thy beauty praise;
What greater grief could cloud our days?

The lily with Thy beauty glows,
Thy perfume scents the opening rose;
The valleys with Thy praises ring,
More loud than they shall we not sing?

Unfeeling is the soul that knows
Thy love, nor yet with ardour glows.
Ungrateful is that heart which feels
Thy love, nor yet that love reveals.

The wonder is that Thou canst love
Sinners, who so ungrateful prove ;
That Thou for such as we could'st die,
And groan beneath sin's agony.

A greater wonder still, that we,
Who all Thy grace and mercy see,
Who know Thine everlasting love—
That we can so forgetful prove.

PASSING THIS WAY.

"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."—LUKE xviii. 37.

WHY that earnest, touching cry?
"Jesus Christ is passing by.
Now I hear them moving on ;
Jesus Christ will soon be gone."

“This the reason why I cry,”
Jesus, do not pass me by ;
Mercy, Lord, unseal mine eyes,
Heed, O heed, my piteous cries !

Silent they would have me be—
Silent, within call of Thee !
Heedless when Thou passest by—
Dying, yet I must not cry !

Silent in this favoured hour,
Jesus here in all His power ?
Jesus, come ! and shall He go,
Leaving me in all my woe ?

Let the righteous silent be,
All who feel no need of Thee.
Blind, and dark, and lost, I lie,
Let me see Thee ere I die.

Son of David hear my cry—
Thou who stoopest from on high ;
All my woe and anguish see,
Christ, the Saviour, pity me !

Thee, O Jesus ! now I see ;
Blessed sight is this to me !
Blessed day when they did cry—
“ Jesus Christ is passing by.”

THE RISEN SUN.

To give light to them in darkness.”—LUKE I. 79.

BURST forth, Thou risen sun,
Through clouds which o’er me roll !
Though life has reached its highest noon,
Midnight is in my soul.

Break forth with beam divine,
And chase this gloom away
Lord, why should I in darkness pine,
When all around is day?

I know that it is day,
By songs of saints around :
As when I hear the lark’s shrill lay,
Upspringing from the ground.

They tell me of their joys ;
Thy love is in their eyes ;
Thy praise their grateful tongue employs ;
On me when wilt Thou rise ?

They wonder I am dumb ;
Their joy makes me more sad.
Until Thou dost in brightness come,
Oh ! how can I be glad ?

I feel that I am dark,
I mourn that I am dead ;
Oh ! that my soul could feel a spark
Of grace upon me shed.

Burst forth, Thou risen sun,
The shadows backwards roll ;
And scatter, ere my course be run,
This midnight from my soul !

THE WALK OF FAITH.

"For we walk by faith, not by sight."—2 Cor. v. 7.

THE Christian sees a heavenly home
The worldling cannot see ;
He feels the power of worlds to come,
And moves obediently.

He walks among his fellow-men,
And feels like one who dreams ;
Earth's joys appear so fleet and vain,
And heaven so real seems.

He looks upon his fellow-men,
And sees them full of life
Some earthly paradise to gain,
Which is not worth their strife.

He marvels at their noble zeal
In their ignoble race ;
And cannot but compassion feel
For their delusive chase.

He sees that many gain the prize,
And for a time rejoice ;
But soon it fades before their eyes—
This object of their choice.

He feels that all their life is wrong,
A dream all their desire ;
Which death shall dissipate ere long,
Like wax before the fire.

He knows that they alone are right,
That they alone are wise,
Who walk by faith, and not by sight,
To realms above the skies.

WASHED AND MADE WHITE.

“ Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.”—PSALM li. 7.

O WASH me, and I shall be clean,
Pure as the driven snow !
When Thou hast washed me from my sin,
O'er me Thy garment throw.

O clothe me with Thy righteousness,
And all my will control ;
My spirit with Thy Spirit bless,
And sanctify my soul.

Rich streams of grace upon me send
To purify my heart ;
Thy presence, Lord, my steps attend
Thy blessing to impart.

O let Thy word in floods of light
A ready entrance find,
To aid my weak and wandering sight,
And guide my erring mind

Thus clothed with Thine own righteousness,
And sanctified within,
I shall Thy lovingkindness bless—
I shall forsake my sin.

In the adornings of Thy grace
I shall Thy glory shew,
Until in heaven, before Thy face,
I all Thy glory know.

THE ROBE.

"He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."—ISA. lxi. 10.

ROBE of Christ's righteousness,
 Thou art my bridal dress,
 Thou art my beauty, attraction, and grace !
 No goodness about me,
 No beauty without Thee,
 I am spotless and fair in Thy glorious dress !

In Thy costly array
 I pursue my glad way,
 Admiring its beauty so perfect, divine !
 Unequalled its whiteness,
 Unearthly its brightness,
 Resplendent in glory in Thee I shall shine.

The Spirit's adorning
 I seek every morning,
 In blood of the Lamb all my sins wash away ;
 And, in Him believing,
 Strength from Him receiving,
 I go forth prepared for the work of the day.

O Christ ! it did slay Thee,
Thus fair to array me,
In robe so enriched and embroidered with love !
The shame that passed o'er Thee,
The pain suffered for me,
Are the theme and the joy of my heaven above.

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

“The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.”—1 JOHN 1. 7.

I SLEPT in sin, till Christ passed by,
His blood full pardon bringing ;
I woke beneath His pitying eye,
A living soul upspringing !
Thy blood, O Christ ! has sovereign power,
When guilt and sin assail me ;
It shields me in the tempter's hour,
When frames and feelings fail me.

Its streams I know divinely flow,
Nor ever cease their flowing ;

Its precious balm to all who go,
A perfect health bestowing.
To Thee with slightest thought of sin,
I would be still repairing ;
For perfect purity within,
Thy blood upon me bearing !

Thus washed and in Thy robe arrayed,
The robe of Thine adorning,
I stand before Thee undismayed,
And beautiful as morning !
Thou plead'st Thy blood before the throne,
Where angel hosts adore Thee ;
We boast Thy blood, and that alone,
Until we stand before Thee.

EARLY YOUTH.

“Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.”—EccL. xii. 1.

Now is the golden hour,
Now is thy favoured time ;
Give to the Lord the opening flower,
And promise of thy prime.

O give to him thy bud,
With all its bursting powers,
To plant in blessed neighbourhood
Of everlasting flowers.

O let Him have it now,
Before the bloom is lost,
Before its opening petals bow
Beneath sin's chilling frost !

The air of this cold clime
Kills every opening bud,
Unless removed by Him in time
To sunnier neighbourhood.

In heaven thy heart must be,
To bear true life on earth,
The only perfect flowers we see
Are heavenly in their birth.

Then shall thy golden hours
A golden harvest bring ;
Thy joys be ever blooming flowers,
Thy life perpetual spring.

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"The Lord our Righteousness."—JER. xxxiii. 16.

A NEW name I have now received,
That name I will confess ;
Jesus, in Thee I have believed,
The Lord my Righteousness.

My tattered robes I lay aside,
Clothed in Thy glorious dress ;
And stripped of human nature's pride,
Stand in Thy righteousness.

The power of sin I now lament,
With bitter tears confess ;
Yet know that I am innocent,
Seen in Thy righteousness.

My late companions now I leave,
But do not love them less ;
Around their hearts I try to weave
Love of Thy righteousness.

The sinfulness I often mourn,
No language can express ;
Again to Thee I weeping turn,
And see Thy righteousness.

I thankful walk along my way,
Thy holy name I bless ;
My glorious robe by night and day,
The Lord my Righteousness.

NONE BUT JESUS.

"There is none other name."—ACTS iv. 12.

NONE but Jesus Christ I see,
Other Saviours I have none ;
Jesus died on Calvary,
Jesus has the battle won.
Many waters could not drown
His deep love for thee and me
Love from glory brought Him down,
Love o'ercame Gethsemane.

"None but Jesus," still I cry,
Other Saviours cannot save ;
Jesus made death's channel dry,
Opened up the gloomy grave.
Jesus sets an open door
Earth and hell can never close,
That we may for evermore
Follow Him where'er He goes.

None like Jesus can do good,
Other remedies are vain ;
Plunged beneath His healing flood,
He my soul restores again
He my nature sanctifies,
By His holy Spirit's power ;
Gives the hope which purifies,
Gives me strength in Satan's hour.

None but Jesus I would see
In my trouble and my grief ;
He alone can comfort me,
He alone can bring relief.

Tempted, he has known its power ;
Persecuted, feels my pain ;
In temptation's fearful hour,
Human sympathy is vain.

"None but Jesus" be my cry,
When the hour of death is come,
And His angels standing by,
Wait to bear me safely home.
All life's billows o'er me passed,
All its weariness and woe ;
He will bear my soul at last
Where His pleasures ever flow.

"None but Jesus" I shall cry,
When in heaven His face I see
Lesser lights escape the eye
Near the sun's bright majesty.
"None but Jesus" heaven replies ;
Heaven's archangels falling down,
All before Him veil their eyes,
All before Him cast their crown.

THE HEAVENLY GUEST.

"To-day I must abide at thy house."—LUKE XIX. 5.

BLESSED words I hear Thee say,
 "Jesus Christ comes here to-day."
 All unworthy though I be,
 Jesus Christ will sup with me.

Lord, the best that I can give,
 Holiest hours that I can live,
 Holiest works that I have done—
 All are sinful, every one!

What have I to offer, Lord?
 All by Thee will be abhorred;
 Thou, the Master and the Guest,
 Must Thyself prepare the feast.

Thou must bring Thy heavenly fare,
 I with Thee will humbly share.
 Let me, Lord, become Thy guest,
 Thou the blessing—I the blessed.

Thou my heart, Lord, must prepare
For Thy presence dwelling there !
Thou on me wilt gently wait,
Nor despise my low estate.

Thine own garments thou hast brought,
Mine defiled are worse than nought ;
Thou dost wash me clean and fair,
And the banquet dost prepare.

Thou my graces dost provide,
And hast placed me by Thy side ;
Thou in love dost offer me
Fruits of pardon bought by Thee.

Love and mercy flowing down
Thou dost give me for a crown.
Oh, the blessings Thou dost give !
Oh, the joy with Thee to live !

Thou hast told me Thou wilt stay
And wilt never go away.
All my misery now is o'er,
Thou art mine for evermore.

COMPLETE IN THEE.

"Ye are complete in Him."—COL. II. 10.

UPON Thy mercy, Lord, I wait,
 Thou canst forgive my trespass great,
 And raise me to Thy high estate,
 Complete in Thee.

Thy blood can wash away my sin,
 Thy Spirit make me pure within,
 Thy grace new life in me begin,
 Complete in Thee.

O clothe me with Thy righteousness,
 My soul with heavenly graces dress,
 And with thy fellowship still bless,
 Complete in Thee.

I do not dare to come to Thee
 Until Thy righteousness I see,
 Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me,
 Complete in Thee.

Defiled by sin from day to day,
 I see Thy blood take sin away,
 Thy righteousness my fine array,
 Complete in Thee.

Thy servant, Lord, by grace prepare
 A royal robe and crown to wear,
 A palm of victory to bear,
 Complete in Thee.

I WOULD NOT GO ALONE.

O God, ambition fires my soul
 To gain a heavenly throne :
 Yet, while I own its sweet control,
 I would not go alone.

Is there no wanderer I may seek,
 No lost one to me given ?
 No child so feeble and so weak,
 That I may help to heaven ?

Thou hast so crowned me with Thy love,
I cannot silent be ;
And though my tongue should cease to move,
I still would point to Thee.

Unworthy, Lord, to sing Thy praise,
I still must make it known ;
For so delightful are Thy ways,
I would not go alone.

Ah ! Lord, we cannot walk alone,
Whichever way we go ;
And thousands will our influence own,
For happiness or woe.

A simple word may lead the heart
Heaven's journey to begin ;
A careless look desire impart
To walk the ways of sin.

As stones, which in the lake we drop,
Make circles to the shore,
Our good and evil never stop,
Enlarging evermore.

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Prayer and Praise.



COME, HOLY SPIRIT !

“The Holy Ghost shall teach you all things.”—JOHN xiv. 26.

O HOLY Spirit, come !
And Jesu's love declare ;
O tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there !

Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath ;
O work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith !

Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place !

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We know Thou hast the power,
O let that power be shewn !
We know that this is mercy's hour,
O make Thy mercy known !

We now besiege Thy throne,
We fall before Thy face,
Our only hope—Thy love alone ;
Our only trust—Thy grace.

Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
Pity our deep distress ;
Thou art the contrite sinner's friend,
Thy waiting servants bless !

Give us the melting soul,
Give us the will subdued,
Give us the streams of grace to roll
Over a heart renewed !

We bless Thee for Thy grace,
And Thine almighty power ;
We bless Thee for Thy holy place,
And this accepted hour.

THE NEW CREATURE.

"In Christ a new creature."—2 Cor. v. 17.

GIVE me Thy Holy Spirit, Lord,
 This chaos to control;
 Restore me by Thy holy word,
 And new-create my soul:
 Break up the awful deeps of sin,
 Where only darkness broods,
 Where light of grace has never been,
 To bless their solitudes.

Give me Thy Holy Spirit, Lord,
 To wake me from this death,
 And breathe upon me through Thy word,
 Thy life-imparting breath.
 O speak the words, "Let there be light,"
 And I shall quickly rise,
 A new creation in Thy sight,
 An heir of paradise!

Give me a heaven within my soul,
A life where fruits appear,
Where streams of living water roll,
The fainting soul to cheer ;
A firmament of light to shine
On all my walk below :
Thus new created, wholly Thine,
I shall Thy glory shew.

GLORIFYING GOD.

“Glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God’s.”—
1 Cor. vi. 20.

O LORD, prepare my heart to sound
My great Redeemer’s praise ;
Through all my life may He be found
The glory of my days !

Out of my heart a music bring,
In all its notes divine ;
Over its chords a sweetness fling,
No hand can give but Thine !

The stars, which shine the livelong night,
Shine only for Thy praise ;
The sun from his meridian height
But scatters Thine own rays.

From nothing Thou mad'st yonder star,
So brilliant in its light !
Those suns, which glitter from afar,
Gemming the brow of night !

Out of the dust Thou me canst make,
A star with beaming rays
In Thy bright heaven a place to take—
A glory and a praise !

The music of the shady grove
Repeats Thy holy name ;
The sea, in every tiny cove,
Is murmuring the same.

So would I, in my humble sphere,
Utter that glorious name,
Which listening angels love to hear,
And all the blest proclaim !

O Lord, prepare my heart to sound
My great Redeemer's praise!
Through all my life my He be found
The glory of my days!

THE MERCIES OF GOD.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever."—PSA. lxxxix. 1.

A THOUSAND mercies strew my way,
Each every morning new !
A thousand thanks to Thee to pay,
Is nought to what is due.

Yet, Lord, how often I forget
To count Thy mercies o'er ;
A thousand thousand swell the debt,
Till I can count no more.

Though they are more than I can count,
Acknowledge them I might ;
And sing their vast untold amount,
At morning, noon, and night.

Ah ! Lord, their very number makes
Man harder than before ;
Till, as his own, them all he takes,
And thinks of Thee no more.

Give me to feel that they are Thine,
That they are undeserved ;
They only in their use are mine,
Thou hast Thy right reserved ;

That they are messages of love,
More eloquent than words ;
Ambassadors sent from above,
Who say, " We are the Lord's."

If such the gifts Thy love confers,
What must the Giver be ?
If these are but ambassadors,
What glory, Lord, in Thee !

One mercy fills heaven, earth, and sky,
The gift of Thy dear Son ;
All others we pass lightly by,
Till rev'rence there is done.

This gift received within the heart,
They all come streaming down
Bright lesser rays to form a part
Of our resplendent crown.

For all Thy thousand mercies, Lord,
With all their myriad rays,
Thy Son, Thy Spirit, and Thy Word,
May I give ceaseless praise.

LAW OF KINDNESS.

"The law of kindness."—PROV. xxxi. 26.

THOU God of kindness rule my heart,
My every power employ,
Some good impression to impart,
Some evil to destroy.

Thy spring of love within my heart
A language will supply ;
A more persuasive power impart
Than man's philosophy.

The sunbeam in the prison cells,
Is not so glad a sight
As he in whom Thy kindness dwells,
Who always brings its light.

A manner from true kindness bred,
A gentleness will give,
Soft as the dews of evening shed,
To bid the drooping live.

The falling tear to wipe away,
To stem the rising sigh ;
To tell benighted souls of day,
And blessedness on high.

A heart imbued with love divine,
Exerts a mighty power,
As rainbows out of darkness shine,
And beautify the shower.

A feeble word may touch the soul,
When stronger language fails ;
And gentleness will oft control,
When passion most prevails.

A look of pity can express
An eloquence of love ;
And words of sympathy can bless,
With blessing from above.

A tear, when our grieved hearts are full,
When gold we cannot give,
To misery will be bountiful,
And in the memory live.

Give me a heart to feel for all,
A gentle, loving eye,
A hand to raise up all who fall,
A pity never dry.

THE OMNIPRESENT.

“Whither shall I flee from thy presence.”—Psa. cxxxix. 7

I CANNOT from Thy presence flee ;
O may I, Lord, Thy presence love !
In Thee find blest society,
A bliss below, a heaven above

Thick darkness cannot hide from Thee,
But seems to bring Thee still more near ;
Reveals Thine own immensity,
And makes Thy presence still more dear.

The very helplessness I feel
Endears Thine own almighty power ;
The stillness which o'er all doth steal
Endears to me this midnight hour.

Death's semblance over me is spread,
Yet still in Thee I live and move ;
An unseen arm supports my head,
An unseen eye is bright with love.

The children of this world at rest,
My soul would take this quiet hour,
Her own experience to test,
And try again her heaven-born power.

As glides the boat on starlit lake,
My soul her course would calm survey ;
Again her bearings gladly take,
And wait for the eternal day.

I sailed upon the distant sea,
And saw reflected heaven above ;
So, everywhere, O Lord, with Thee,
I find the guidance of Thy love.

The wings of morning bore me on,
Far from the home where I had dwelt ;
Yet there Thy sun still brightly shone,
And there Thine unseen arm I felt.

I cannot from Thy presence flee,
O may I, Lord, Thy presence love ;
My happiness on earth in Thee,
My glory Thou in heaven above.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

“ No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.”—

PSALM lxxxiv. 11.

O LORD ! I know that what is best
Thou still wilt give to me ;
This yields my soul a perfect rest—
A confidence in Thee.

Thou lovest me too well to give
The good which might work ill ;
And I would in dependence live
Entirely on Thy will.

I often ask what seemeth good
To my short-sighted mind,
And find, if granted me, it would
My soul with fetters bind.

So wonderful the human mind,
So intricate the heart !
The good by erring man designed,
Does often harm impart.

Man feels the weakness and the sin,
The misery and the woe ;
But all the treachery within,
The guile, he cannot know.

The poor man's wish for competence,
If Thou his prayer should'st grant,
Might shake in Thee his confidence
To keep him from all want.

The sufferer on his bed of pain,
If Thou should'st grant his prayer,
Might lose the everlasting gain
He is receiving there.

The innocent, of wrong accused,
Who all his foes forgave,
Had lost a joy, had he refused
The cup Thy kindness gave.

O Lord ! Thy wisdom cannot err,
Thy love gives what is best ;
With Father, Son, and Comforter,
I cannot but be blest.

THE PASCHAL LAMB.

“ Christ our passover.”—1 Cor. v. 7.

Not upon me let vengeance fall,
But upon Him who died for all,
Who drank the wormwood and the gall—
The Paschal Lamb.

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A full atonement by Thee given,
Thy blood in mercy cries to heaven,
And speaks a guilty world forgiven,
O Paschal Lamb !

Not Abel's blood which vengeance cried,
But His who for His brethren died ;
Thy blood God's justice satisfied,
O Paschal Lamb !

Thy blood can save from sin's control ;
Dipped in Thy blood, I see my soul
Made every day completely whole,
O Paschal Lamb !

The angel cannot smite me now,
He sees Thy blood upon my brow.
Before Thee heaven's archangels bow,
O Paschal Lamb !

Thy blood now makes me pure and white,
Thy righteousness is my delight,
And I am holy in Thy sight,
O Paschal Lamb !

O bleeding Lamb, Thou art my choice !
In Thee I all the day rejoice,
And in Thy praise lift up my voice,
O Paschal Lamb !

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord."—PSALM cxxx. 1.

UNTO Thee, O Lord, I cry,
Thou hast brought me very low ;
In the deepest depths I lie,
All Thy billows o'er me flow.

Feeble as the dying flame,
Turns my fainting soul to Thee ;
Strength is in Thy holy name,
Give that strength, O Lord, to me.

All the springs of life are dry,
Upper springs belong to Thee,
Thence with grace my soul supply
Out of Thine infinity.

Lord, I feel it good for me
To be brought so very low,
That I may my vileness see,—
That I may Thy goodness know.

Thou, O Lord, thus teachest me
Where my real strength is found :
Grace and glory are from Thee,
Healing streams in Thee abound.

From this discipline I know
Safety is alone in Thee ;
Highest Thou when I am low—
Nearest in adversity.

Keep me in this humble frame,
All my sinfulness to feel ;
Then the glory of Thy name,
And Thy goodness, Lord, reveal.

In the Rock's deep cleft I hide,
In Thine arms by faith I lie ;
Ever let me there abide,
Gazing with adoring eye !

THE SURETY.

"Jesus was made surety of a better testament."—HEB. vii. 2

LORD! all my sins before Thee laid,
 A full confession I have made,
 Oh! let Thine anger now be staid,
 And Christ, my Surety, see.

Out of the depths to Thee I call,
 On me Thy wrath might justly fall,
 But Jesus died for me—for all—
 His perfect offering see.

It was for sinners such as I
 That Jesus laid His glory by;
 In heaven He heard my piteous cry,
 And gave Himself for me.

For me His precious blood was shed,
 For me He bowed His righteous head,
 For me was numbered with the dead,
 My Surety, Jesus, see.

For me He rose again to heaven,
For me eternal life has given,
For me His Spirit long has striven,
My Surety, Jesus, see.

I could not look upon Thy face,
Nor enter Thy most holy place,
But for the shield of sovereign grace
Which Jesus gives to me.

I see Him suffering in my stead,
I lay my hand upon His head,
My life is spared—His blood is shed—
And freely poured for me.

He bore my guiltiness away,
Nought to my charge can Justice lay,
Nor ask me that vast debt to pay,
Which Christ has paid for me.

THE EVER-FLOWING FOUNT.

"God is love," "God is light."—1 JOHN IV. 8; I. 5.

THOU heavenly Source of love and light,
My soul illumine with Thy rays,
Dispel the darkness and the night,
And on Thy glory fix my gaze !

Thou ever-flowing Fount of love,
Refresh me with Thy falling stream !
All my affections raise above
Life's passing scene and fading dream.

Perpetual Source of peace and joy,
O pour thy richest blessings down !
A peace—which nothing can destroy,
A joy—which tells me of my crown.

Thou over-flowing Fount of bliss,
Who can imagine what Thou art ?
Was ever peace or joy like this
Which Thou dost shed within my heart ?

If such the streams that now we know,
What must they be which angels see ?
If these are but the overflow,
What undiscovered depths in Thee !

The highest angels cannot know
Thy untold depths of love and grace ;
But gaze on their perpetual flow,
And worship in Thy holy place.

I hope to join that happy throng,
To bathe in seas of heavenly love ;
To listen to that fountain-song,
And sing to golden harps above !

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Come, thou south wind, and blow upon my garden."—CANT. iv. 16.

O Holy Spirit, wake !
Soft as the south wind blow !
My soul a garden make,
Where spices freely flow.

ABIDE IN ME.

Thou must my soul prepare
 By Thine almighty breath,
 Ere flowers will blossom there,
 And yield the fruits of faith.

The heavenly seed impart,
 Send down Thy showers of grace,
 Then shall my barren heart
 Become a fruitful place.

Prepare me, Breath divine,
 With joy my Lord to meet ;
 Make Thy rich perfumes mine,
 My soul His blest retreat.

ABIDE IN ME.

"Abide in me."—JOHN XV. 4

I now have learnt to love Thee, Lord,
 To know Thy voice, to hear Thy word,
 Thy promised grace to me accord—
 Abide in me!

Such dangers, Lord, around me stand,
I shall not see the promised land,
Unless Thou hold me by the hand—
Abide in me!

Abide in me, should sins arise,
And angry passions storm the skies;
When overwhelmed my spirit lies,
Abide in me!

Abide in me in prosperous gales,
When ease and pleasure fill the sails,
And when temptation most prevails—
Abide in me!

Abide in me from day to day,
In all I think, and do, and say,
Thy Spirit guide me in the way—
Abide in me!

Abide in me when death appears,
Exalt my hopes and quell my fears,
Receive my soul and dry my tears—
Abide in me!

AS A LITTLE CHILD.

"As a little child."—MARK X. 16.

FATHER! give to me the blessing
Of a childlike faith in Thee;
Nothing doubting, all possessing,
In the love Thou bearest me.
On the first approach of danger
May I fly to Thee, O Lord,
Trusting not the voice of stranger,
Listening only to Thy word.

When my path is dark and dreary,
Thou wilt lead me by the hand;
When my soul is sad and weary,
Thou wilt strength from heaven command;
When I hunger, Thou wilt feed me;
When I thirst, wilt give me drink;
When I wander, back wilt lead me;
Even in death I shall not sink.

BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul."—PSALM ciii. 1.

Oh! for a trumpet-tone to praise

My great Redeemer's love!

Oh! for an angel voice to raise

The songs He hears above!

I long to reach the highest strains

In praises of my Lord,

To catch the notes which heaven attains

When Jesus is adored.

In vain I seek sublimest speech—

In vain earth's language try—

The tongues of angels cannot reach

The praise of the Most High.

I gaze upon the Cross until

My heart with love runs o'er,

And wonder doth my praises still—

I only can adore.

WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

“Worthy is the Lamb.”—REV. v. 12.

“WORTHY the Lamb, the Great I AM,”
 All nations now proclaim ;
 Ye people all, adoring fall,
 And magnify His name !

“Worthy the Lamb, the Great I AM,”
 For He is God alone ;
 He died that we might seated be
 With Him upon His throne.

“Worthy the Lamb, the Great I AM,”
 Of all our highest praise ;
 His blood made white those robes so bright,
 And His the songs we raise.

“Worthy the Lamb, the Great I AM,”
 His is the only name ;
 One song in heaven, one homage given,
 Shall we not yield the same ?

“ Worthy the Lamb, the Great I AM,”
Whom now by faith we see ;
And falling down, we cast our crown,
With heaven’s great company.

“ Worthy the Lamb, the Great I AM,”
Is heaven’s eternal song ;
Our songs reply, and rend the sky,
And join us to that throng.

“ Worthy the Lamb, the Great I AM,”
All nations now proclaim ;
Ye people all, adoring fall,
And magnify His name !

ADORATION.

“ Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders.”—Ex. xv. 11.

HOLY Lord, Thy name we bless,
Glorious in Thy holiness !
Holy, holy, Lord, we cry,
With the ransomed throng on high.

Holiness becomes this place,
None without it see Thy face ;
Holiness to us impart,
Make Thy dwelling in our heart !

In our nature Thou wast God,
In us now make Thine abode ;
Souls of deep humility—
Are a dwelling-place for Thee.

While we contemplate Thy ways,
Fill our hearts with heavenly praise ;
Praise eternal—all Thine own,
Praise to reach Thee on Thy Throne.

Wonderful Thy glorious name ;
Evermore Thy works proclaim—
Greater wonders still display,
Turn our darkness into day.

Make our souls a flame of fire,
Heavenward rising ever higher ;
Burning with the purest love,
Till they reach Thy throne above.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord !
Hear our prayer, fulfil Thy word ;
Kneeling here we Thee adore,
Bless us, Lord, for evermore !

FAITH.

‘ Without faith it is impossible to please God.’—HEB. xi. 6.

FAITH is the boon I crave,
The mercy I implore ;
Through grace a little faith I have,
Yet, Lord, I long for more. †

Faith which will work by love,
Love which will bear much fruit ;
Faith which the mountains shall remove,
And evil works uproot.

Faith which will please Thee, Lord,
Will glorify Thy name,
Will magnify Thy holy word,
And Thy great love proclaim.

Faith which the world shall see,
A principle of life,
Which always gains the victory,
With only sin at strife.

Faith every hour to live,
As if it were my last ;
For all Thy mercies praise to give,
Future as well as past.

Faith all Thy words to take,
As if for me alone ;
Thy every promise mine to make,
By my experience known.

Faith deeming life but death,
And every action sin,
Without the principle of faith
To purify within.

Faith mighty things to do,
And hidden things to know ;
To make a way victorious through,
Where weaker souls may go.

Faith still with sin at strife,
 And grappling to the death ;
 Oh ! in the battle of this life,
 Give me the power of faith !

Faith gains the victory,
 And gives all praise to Thee ;
 O Lord, Thy humble suppliant see,
 And grant this grace to me.

CONFESSION OF SIN.

“ I will heal their backsliding.”—HOSEA xiv. 4.

O LORD, I am ashamed to come
 And ask Thee to forgive,
 So oft I wander from my home,
 So far from Thee I live.

Thou always art so kind to me
 When I my sins confess,
 Lord, this but swells my misery,
 And deep unworthiness.

I mourn that I so often grieve
Thy Holy Spirit's love,
That I Thy path so often leave,
And so forgetful prove.

I marvel that I ever could
The living well forsake,
And in its blessed neighbourhood
A broken cistern make ;

That having drunk its cooling stream,
And felt its quickening powers,
By other waters I should dream,
And lose the precious hours.

If I do not my sin confess,
Thy Spirit more I grieve :
I deeper sink in wretchedness,
And Thee still further leave.

Confession makes an end of sin,
When made in faith and love ;
When we by holiness begin
Its truthfulness to prove.

Thou, Lord, would'st rather sinners see
In tears before Thy throne,
Than in a silent apathy
Still unrelieved go on.

Oh ! who shall tell the joy there is
In coming, Lord, to Thee ?
Higher than all our miseries
Thy mercy still to see.

Although our sins we so deplore,
And hide our face with shame,
We love Thee, Jesus, more and more,
And bless Thy holy name.

ALL-SUFFICIENT GRACE.

“ Put Him to an open shame.”—HEB. vi. 6.

O LORD, the thought I cannot bear,
That I should bring reproach and shame
Upon the truth I now declare,
And cast dishonour on Thy name.
Forbid it, Lord, and let me see
“ Thy grace sufficient still for me.”

I cannot bear to think that I,
Whom Thou so tenderly hast led,
Should crucify Thee, ere I die,
And pierce again Thy wounded head.
Forbid it, Lord, and let me see
"Thy grace sufficient still for me."

That I, whom Thou hast crowned with love,
Who have Thy patience so long tried,
Whose life is hid with Thee above,
Who die to sin, since Thou hast died;
That I should bring reproach on Thee,
Forbid it, Lord, that this should be.

I mourn that I so little know
The untold glories of Thy name;
I mourn that I so little show
The glory which I would proclaim.
But if I fail to tell Thy name,
O let me bring on Thee no shame!

No shame by open act of sin,
No shame by some untruthful word,

No shame by sinful thought within,
Or in my bosom anger stirred ;
Lord, this my constant prayer shall be
" O let me bring no shame on Thee."

THE WONDERFUL.

All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord."—Psa. cxlv. 10.

How wonderful art Thou, O Lord,
In all Thy works and ways !
By highest heaven Thou art adored,
And earth gives back Thy praise.

My mind has often tried to grasp
The greatness of Thy love ;
An infant's hand as soon might clasp
The globe on which we move !

I look into the tiny flower,
Thy beauty, Lord, to see ;
I there behold Thy mighty power,
And see it praising Thee.

I feel the earth's sweet incense rise
To Thee in morning prayer ;
I gaze upon the glittering skies,
And read Thy praises there.

How wonderful Thy works, O God !
How glorious is Thy praise !
If Thou but look, the mountains nod,
The universe obeys.

How much more wonderful Thy grace,
Which rescued fallen man ;
What angel-mind could give a place
To such a God-like plan ?

The pity looking from on high :
The wisdom to conceive ;
The love to suffer and to die,
That fallen man might live.

The angels reverently inquire,
And wonder is in heaven ;
What bursts of joy their songs inspire,
To see a world forgiven.

If such the wisdom of Thy ways—
The glory of Thy grace ;
What must it be on Thee to gaze,
Within Thy holy place ?

IMMANUEL.

"Immanuel."—Isa. vii. 14.

O LOOK not, Lord, upon my sin,
Nor strict to mark my faults begin ;
See Him, who in His love stepped in,
Jesus, the Son of man.

He is the man of Thy right hand,
He left His home, the heavenly land,
Within the breach alone to stand,
And be both God and man.

Through Him our sin Thou canst not see,
Through Him our souls can look on Thee ;
Through Him we can accepted be,
Jesus, the Son of man.

He in our stead kept Thy commands,
In heaven He lifts His holy hands,
Our representative He stands,
Jesus, the perfect man.

Our weakness and our shame He knows,
And over us His garment throws ;
His righteousness to thee He shews,
Both God and perfect man.

His blood now makes us clean and fair,
His robe of righteousness we wear ;
Our mansions now He does prepare,
Jesus, the Son of man.

O Saviour, make us pure and white,
As kings and priests in Thine own right,
With Thee to reign in realms of light,
Jesus, thou Son of man !

TRUTH IN THE SOUL.

"Thou desirest truth in the inward parts."—PSALM li. 6.

A **GUILELESSNESS** within the heart
 Thou dost, O Lord, require ;
 A truth within the inward part,
 Burning with purest fire.

An innocency in my ways,
 Fresh as the morning air ;
 My every joy expressed in praise,
 My every wish in prayer.

O make me trusting as a child,
 And open as the day,
 Without a thought by sin defiled,
 Which Thou would'st wish away !

Alas ! I often fear to see
 Myself as in Thy sight,
 My nature's sad deformity
 Seen by Thy holy light.

I from myself the truth would hide,
Nor meet Thy holy eye,
Because so humbling to my pride,
Beneath the cross to lie.

O wash my heart in Jesu's blood,
And make me clean and fair ;
Create in me a spirit good,
And fix Thy dwelling there !

Then shall I have a perfect heart,
A fit abode for Thee ;
A light which never shall depart
Throughout eternity.

NOT GREAT THINGS.

"I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."—PSALM lxxxiv. 10.

I SEEK not some great work to do,
Or some great name to gain ;
I might not to that height be true,
If such I could attain.

The lowly floweret in the vale
Gives back the glorious sun,
And tells the breeze the loving tale
Of all that he has done.

So would I show my Maker's praise,
And with His glory shine,
A meek reflector of His rays,
And loveliness divine.

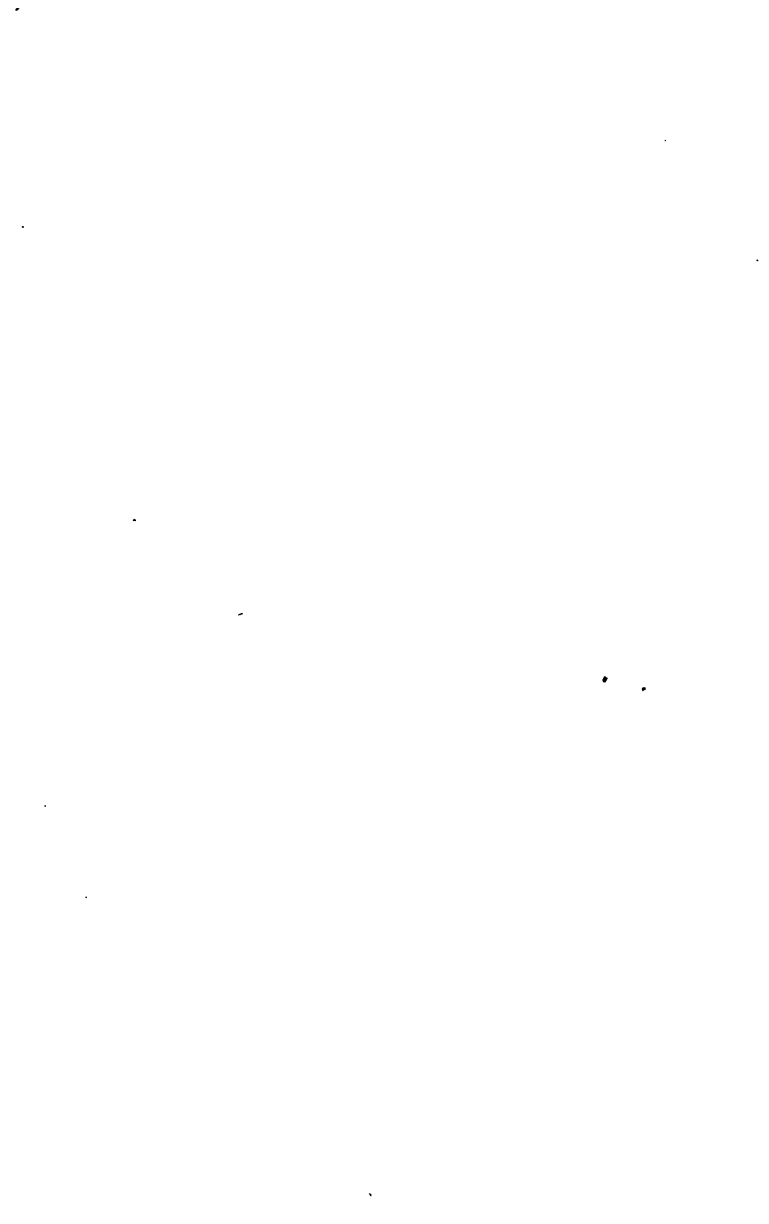
Unheeded by the proud in heart,
In loneliness I lie,
Content to take my humble part,
Until I bloom on high.

Though man despise me, God will not,
His Spirit will sweetly come,
His love will always gild my lot,
His angels bear me home.

Where'er a worshipper is found,
A humble child of God,
There is the truly hallowed ground—
The consecrated sod !



Seasons.



MORNING HYMN.

"To shew forth Thy loving kindness in the morning."—Ps. xcii. 2.

THE glorious morn lights up the sky,
The clouds and darkness homeward fly ;
The earth awakes, her sun to see
Rise in his cloudless majesty !

My God, I thank Thee for the light,
My reason, and my precious sight ;
For health and strength again to rise,
And seek a mansion in the skies.

All danger Thou didst drive away,
When I in sleep and darkness lay ;
Do Thou protect me, now I rise,
And gently lead me to the skies.

Oh ! how defenceless in Thy sight,
My body sleeping in the night !
Far more my soul in light of day,
Unless Thou guide and guard my way.

The night of sin I far more dread
Than midnight darkness round my bed ;
Some evil thing transformed to light,
Some sin known only in Thy sight.

Preserve me, Lord, by Thy great power,
And sanctify this morning hour ;
Thy blessing go with me all day,
And hallow all I do and say.

With morning grace I take my way—
Thy grace sufficient for my day—
With evening fruit may I return,
And incense on Thine altar burn.

To Thee who lengthen'st out my days,
My voice in gratitude I raise ;
To Thee, who fill'st my earthly cup,
Mine eyes in thankfulness look up.

May every day begin with praise
To Thee, great Author of my days !
May every day conclude with prayer,
And thanks for Thy protecting care !

DAILY PRAYER.

"Lord, I have called daily upon Thee."—Ps. lxxxviii. 9.

DAILY I come to Thee, O Lord,
That Thou may'st wash away my sin ;
Daily I ponder on Thy word,
And pray for holiness within.

Daily I pray when I arise,
That I may give myself to Thee,
A living, daily sacrifice,
Since Thou didst give Thyself for me.

Daily I look to Thee, O Lord,
For grace to be entirely Thine ;
Thy Holy Spirit upon me poured,
Thy righteousness accounted mine.

Daily I seek Thy throne of grace,
And always find Thee waiting there ;
Receive a welcome from Thy face—
An answer to my weakest prayer.

Daily Thou dost my bread supply,
My needful raiment still provide ;
Daily dost guide me with Thine eye,
And ever keep me by Thy side.

Daily in Thy great temple, Lord,
This universe, I worship Thee ;
Where Thou art still by me adored,
And where Thy majesty I see.

Daily I seek the things above,
Which only bring me perfect peace ;
And wait for Thy blest reign of love,
When all my conflicts here shall cease.

Daily I try to speak Thy praise,
To tell of Thy redeeming grace,
To magnify Thy word and ways,
Until in heaven I see Thy face.

SELF-DEDICATION.

"Present your bodies a living sacrifice."—ROM. xii. 1.

O MAY I, Lord, this day begin,
To fight with evil lusts within ;
To die to self, the world, and sin,
And live, my God, to Thee !

O may I henceforth seek Thy face,
And feel the power of sovereign grace ;
On Thee my best affections place,
And look, my God, to Thee !

O may I former loves forsake—
Thee for my heavenly bridegroom take,
And worldly fetters gladly break,
To walk, my God, with Thee !

O may I listen to Thy voice,
And only in Thy love rejoice :
My happiness, my blessed choice—
To wait, my God, on Thee !

O may my lamp in brightness burn !
My heart and eyes expectant turn,
To greet my absent Lord's return,
And dwell, my God, with Thee !

My loving heart and longing eyes
Shall soon be filled with sweet surprise,
As angels bear me through the skies,
To reign, my God, with Thee.

TO-DAY.

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice."—HEB. iii. 7.

To-DAY Thy mercy calls me,
To wash away my sin,
However great my trespass,
Whate'er I may have been.
However long from mercy
I may have turned away,
Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me,
And make me white to-day.

To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin ;
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given—
A future grace be promised—
A glorious crown in heaven !

To-day the Father calls me ;
The Holy Spirit waits ;
The blessed angels gather
Around the heavenly gates ;
No question will be asked me,
How often I have come ;
Although I oft have wandered,
It is my FATHER'S HOME.

O all-embracing mercy,
Thou ever open door,
What should I do without thee,
When heart and eyes run o'er ?

When all things seem against me,
To drive me to despair—
I know one gate is open,
One ear will hear my prayer.

EVENING WORSHIP.

"To shew Thy faithfulness every night."—Ps. xcl. 2.

O'ERSHADOWING night again has come,
And darkness shuts us in,
Our wandering thoughts do Thou call home,
Ere we Thy praise begin.

How meet it is, for all Thy care
And watchful love this day,
That we a sacrifice prepare,
And on Thine altar lay.

The sacrifice—our prayers and praise,
A heart to Jesus given ;
Accept them, Lord, since' Jesus prays,
And offers them in heaven.

The incense Jesu's merit gives,
 Entering within the veil ;
We live, because He ever lives,
 And all our prayers prevail.

Oh ! that our hearts were always Thine,
 Offered in praise and prayer !
Oh ! that the fire of love divine
 Were always burning there !

Oh ! that the Spirit of our Lord
 Might on our souls descend !
His name like precious ointment poured,
 As here we lowly bend.

We bless Thee for Thy watchful care,
 We close our eyes in sleep ;
To do Thy will our hearts prepare,
 Our souls in safety keep.

SPARED ANOTHER DAY.

"His compassions are new every morning."—Lam. iii. 23.

ANOTHER day to thee is given,
 Another chance of gaining heaven,
 Another hope of sins forgiven :
 O come to-day !

O listen while it is to-day,
 And linger not with fond delay
 Until thy time has passed away ;
 O come to-day !

O trifle not until too late,
 God's Spirit will not always wait ;
 O realise thy dangerous state,
 And come to-day !

Dare not to call one moment thine,
 To say "To-morrow's sun will shine—
 I then will hear the words divine ;"
 But come to-day.

Its sun may shine—but not for thee ;
The words divine thou may'st not see ;
In sleep of death thou then may'st be,
O come to-day !

The way is easier to-day—
Thou mak'st it longer by delay,
More difficult to force thy way,
O come to-day !

No time so suitable as this—
The opening heavens now shine with bliss ;
The Saviour's offered sceptre kiss,
And come to-day.

To-day the words of mercy shine ;
To-day the promises are thine ;
Oh ! may God's grace thy heart incline
To come to-day !

THE MERCY OF ANOTHER DAY.

"While it is called To-day."—HEB. iii. 13.

ANOTHER day is given to me—
Again Thy glorious sun I see ;
The birds sing out their thankful lays,
And shall not I my Saviour praise ?

Another day—a short reprieve—
To leave the sin for which I grieve,
To do the good I would desire,
To trim my lamp's low burning fire.

Another day—Oh ! what a boon !
How much may in this day be done !
How much undone I would repair,
How much depend on one day's prayer !

Another day to me is given,
To fit me for the joys of heaven ;
Mine eyes to strengthen till they bear
The noontide glory shining there.

Another day Thou giv'st to me,
That I may give myself to Thee;
That I may with Thy glory shine,
And prove my God to be divine.

Another day—to hasten on
Some work of mercy still undone;
Some debt of love I owe to pay,
Before Thou callest me away.

How many souls, when called away,
Entreat in vain another day!
Would barter all that worlds contain—
The time is gone, the offer vain.

I still am spared, I bless Thy name,
This day Thy goodness I proclaim,
And sing, while here on earth I stay,
The mercy of another day!

EVENING PRAYER.

"At evening will I pray, and He shall hear my voice."—Ps. lv. 17.

O LORD, the happy hour is come—
The hour of evening prayer—
To read about our heavenly home,
And seek Thy guidance there ;

To see, by faith, the pearly gate,
To walk the golden street ;
And then to calmly, gladly wait
In patience at Thy feet.

Through mists of earth aloft to spring,
And sing at heaven's gate ;
Thence upon earth the joy to bring,
Of that exalted state.

O Lord, we thank Thee for this hour—
This hour of praise and prayer—
For all Thy kind protecting power,
And Thine Almighty care.

The past Thou hast most richly crowned
With tenderness and love ;
And where a cross was needful found,
Thy mercy shone above.

The future must be blessed too,
With such a loving Lord ;
New trials will have mercy new,
And strength Thou wilt afford.

May all our words and works declare
That we have seen the King ;
And may Thy people everywhere
Thy presence ever bring !

And when, each day, the hour has come
For evening praise and prayer,
A growing ripeness for our home
May that sweet time prepare !

THE DEW OF GOD'S BLESSING.

"My speech shall distil as the dew."—DEUT. xxxii. 2.

How silently the dews distil
 Through this calm evening sky !
 So, Lord, my thirsting spirit fill
 With blessing from on high.

The time for labour now is past,
 The time for rest is come ;
 The welcome hour arrives at last,
 And man returneth home.

The seed which I this day have sown,
 I now leave to Thy care—
 My sweet refreshing hour comes on,
 The hour of evening prayer !

The works of faith, the deeds of love,
 The truth by me declared,
 Now wait Thy blessing from above,
 Upon a heart prepared.

How sweet this interval of rest,
To pure enjoyment given !
This hour I lean upon Thy breast,
An antepast of Heaven !

The blessing and the power of prayer,
O that the world could know !
It yields a perfect rest from care,
And makes a heaven below.

THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

"My reins instruct me in the night-seasons."—Psa. xvi. 7.

How mercifully night is given
To rest the day-exhausted frame,
To give new hopes of life and heaven,
And silently God's love proclaim !

The soul has intervals of rest,
When, worldly thoughts and cares laid by,
It leans awhile on Jesu's breast,
And almost hears the harps on high.

Inviting shades of friendly night,
I bless your peaceful, calm repose !
Your silence often brings to light
The thoughts ye only can disclose.

The timid soul then ventures out,
Unfrightened by the world's alarm ;
Your gentleness dispels her doubt,
And reassures against all harm.

Your darkness throws a tender veil
Of pity o'er her secret woes,
And, unreprieving, hears the tale,
Which only then she could disclose.

My God, I thank Thee for the night !
Not only for its peaceful rest—
But gentle thoughts which then alight,
And leave the soul restored and blest.

MIDNIGHT.

"When I meditate on Thee in the night watches."—PSALM lxiil. 6.

Now midnight, like a solemn pall,
Surroundeth me—surroundeth all.
Midnight and noon are one to Thee,
Thou Light from all eternity !

As now I lie upon my bed,
A glorious halo round me shed
Of love and light, which I may see
Through all earth's darkness shielding me.

Thy glory, Lord, for my defence,
My guard, Thine own omnipotence ;
Thy love and light shall mingled shine,
And make my path on earth divine.

How glorious, then, will be my way,
Earth's night reflect eternal day !
In me no darkness there will be,
And I Thy light shall clearly see.

The shadows all will disappear,
Obedient I shall serve Thee here,
Until Thou call my soul away
To brightness of eternal day.

Blest darkness, when Thy light I see !
Blest grief, which leadeth unto Thee !
Blest loneliness, when Thou art near,
And in Thy glory dost appear !

No more the darkness I will dread,
Thy glory shall surround my bed ;
This earth a heaven shall be to me,
Until Thy heaven of heavens I see.

THE QUIET SLEEP.

"I laid me down and slept; I awaked : for the Lord sustained me."—
PSA. lili. 5.

How many souls have passed away
Since I lay down to sleep !
Some wake to everlasting day,
And some in hell now weep.

Thousands have numbered with their sighs
The watches of the night ;
And morning brings no sweet surprise
To their bereavèd sight.

Thousands, distressed with racking pain,
Have longed for morning light,
And when the morning came again,
Have wished that it were night.

How many lay without a care
Upon the lap of sleep !
How many rose without a prayer,
That God their souls would keep !

Gently, as with an angel's wings,
Sleep fanned my weary head ;
Sweetly, as when an angel sings
Her slumbers o'er me shed.

Calmly the silent watches flew,
And left their sealing power,
Gaily the sun my curtains drew,
And shed his golden shower.

I wakened with a sweet surprise,
To see the sun in heaven,
And all those blessings greet mine eyes,
Which yesterday were given.

The blessings of the morning light,
The joy of perfect health !
My God, to greet my wondering sight,
His love—a world of wealth !

How many hours have passed away,
And borne me on their wings,
While I in sleep unconscious lay
Of angels' whisperings !

Unconscious of the Holy Eye
That watched my quiet sleep,
And guardian angels standing by,
Their solemn charge to keep.

HOW SHORT OUR LIFE.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—PSALM xc. 12.

How carelessly we float away
To life's eternal bourn ;
Upon its banks we may not stay,
And never shall return !

So noiselessly our days glide by,
So pleasantly they come,
We do not mark the evening sky,
Which bids us hasten home.

Upon some dear loved home and face,
A lingering look we cast ;
We never more shall see that place—
That fond look was our last.

We gather lovely earth-born flowers,
As we glide quickly past,
And vainly call that beauty ours
Which fades away so fast.

Our yesterdays to-day receive
Eternity's great seal ;
No more their misery now we grieve,
No more their rapture feel.

This moment only is our own ;
And this we scarce call ours,
Before it has for ever flown,
With all its heaven-born powers.

The past we never can recall ;
The future is not come ;
The present moment gives to all
Choice of eternal home.

We now would for the future live,
And in the present time ;
To this a life of love would give,
To that a hope sublime.

Then life will sweetly, smoothly flow,
Without one vain regret ;
Our hopes before us still will go,
Our hearts on heaven be set.

SATURDAY EVENING.

"All the way which the Lord thy God led thee."—DEUT. viii. 2.

ANOTHER week's engagements o'er,
 Another week's employments done ;
 The God of mercies we adore,
 And view the course which we have run.

The thought is solemn and sublime,
 That we are near the boundless sea,
 Fast floating down the stream of time,
 And freighted for eternity !

Another week has passed away,
 With its impartial dread account ;
 The sins and sorrows it has known,
 The hopes and fears who shall recount ?

We bless Thee for this breathing-time,
 Awhile the past week to review,
 Before the holy Sabbath chime
 Its solemn call begins anew.

The week is gone, we cannot now
A word recall, a word supply,
A deed undo or disallow—
This power not worlds on worlds could buy.

The blood of Jesus has the power
To blot out all these records past ;
And I believe this very hour
My sins into the sea are cast.

What treasures have we brought along ?
What trophies from the stream of time ?
What melodies of heaven-born song ?
What works of faith and love sublime ?

Each day and year and month that we
Are sailing down life's widening stream
Is full of immortality,—
A life eternal—not a dream !

O God, we thank Thee for this hour,
True wisdom teach us from the past ;
To live to Thee give us the power,
Each week more holy than the last.

SATURDAY EVENING.

"Hitherto hath the LORD helped us."—1 SAM. vii. 12.

ANOTHER week has passed away,
With all its busy cares ;
And now before the Sabbath day,
With its glad praise and prayers,
We rest awhile life's weary oar,
And think of the eternal shore.

How many dangers we have passed,
Directed, Lord, by Thee,
While others on the rocks were cast,
In life's deceitful sea !
We bless Thee as we rest our oar,
And look for the eternal shore.

Whene'er we drifted from the track,
Unpiloted by Thee,
Thou didst in mercy call us back,
And still the stormy sea.
For this we bless Thee more and more,
And long for the eternal shore.

Fresh pardoned through the Crucified,
Thy mercy we entreat,
To guide us to the further side,
And there Thy servants meet.
O Jesus, guide us safely o'er,
And meet us on the eternal shore !

IN THE SPIRIT ON THE LORD'S DAY.

" In the Spirit on the Lord's day."—REV. I. 10.

By the Spirit on Thy day,
Thou dost whisper " Come away,
Higher things I show to thee,
Heaven's exalted mystery."

For Thy Spirit now I pray,
Lord, upon Thy holy day ;
For the visions by Thee given,
Raising me to highest heaven.

By Thy Spirit Thou canst show,
All my soul desires to know ;
Hidden things Thou canst reveal—
Faint impressions Thou canst seal.

By Thy Spirit I can hear,
Angels whisper ever near ;
Rise to flights before unknown,
Join the angels round the throne.

In the Spirit I can see
Heaven's exulting company ;
There survey my heavenly crown,
Till Thy glory weighs me down.

There Thy holy Church I see,
Beautiful in unity !
Myriad souls bright as the sun,
In their every feeling one.

In the Spirit prayer I raise ;
In the Spirit offer praise ;
For Thy Spirit, Lord, I pray
Now upon Thy holy day.

THE LORD'S DAY.

"In Patmos on the Lord's day."—REV. i. 10.

How blest the visions of Thy grace
When we thy glory see!
A Patmos is a favoured place
When visited by Thee.

So holy does Thy day appear,
So consecrated shine,
That worldly thoughts dare not come near
A presence so Divine.

Each Sabbath is a blessed day,
Wherein we worship Thee,
And hear Thee call our souls away,
Still higher things to see.

May we be in the Spirit, Lord,
On this Thy holy day;
Behold Thy glory in Thy word,
And in Thy temple stay!

Our hearts, melodious with Thy praise,
We lift on high in prayer ;
Our souls by faith to heaven we raise,
Till we feel almost there.

In rapt communion with Thee, Lord,
We now Thy secret know ;
Bright views of heaven Thou dost afford,
And veiled Thy glory shew.

How swiftly do the moments fly
On wings of faith and prayer !
With early morning we draw nigh,
And evening finds us there.

Oh ! were we always in this frame,
Our Sabbaths would become,
Throughout the week, a beacon flame
To light our journey home.

SUNDAY AT HOME.

On being prevented by illness from attending the Lord's house on His holy day.

THOU knowest, Lord, I long to go
 Where most Thy glory shines below—
 Where I may worship Thee.
 Thou knowest, Lord, what keeps me here,
 And Thou dost see the silent tear—
 The wish with Thine to be.

I may not join Thy people there
 In fervent praise and humble prayer—
 Thy glad assembly see.
 Yet still I may on Thee repose,
 And Thou canst here Thy love disclose—
 I still may worship Thee.

My voice sounds lonely, pensive, sad ;
 Yet Thou hast made my spirit glad,
 And I rejoice in Thee.
 Thou dost to me, O Lord, draw near,
 Thy voice of love I now can hear,
 Thou dost commune with me.

Thou art my sanctuary, O God !
My temple and my blest abode,
 Where still I worship Thee.
Thine is the holy mercy-seat,
Where all Thy scattered people meet,
 Where all now meet in Thee.

By faith my soul in heaven would be,
And join the blest who worship Thee,
 And fall before Thy face.
Yet, long as I on earth sojourn,
My heart and eyes to Thee would turn,
 And love Thy holy place.

SABBATH MORNING.

"If thou call the Sabbath a delight."—Isa. lviii. 13.

I LOVE to see Thy glorious sun
 Shine on the Sabbath-day ;
Nature and grace unite in one
 Glad resurrection ray !

'Tis meet Thy people should rejoice
In Christ their risen KING ;
And meet that nature lend her voice
Her Maker's praise to sing.

What waking beauty I behold,
What brightness in the skies !
The works of God their sweets unfold,
Their morning sacrifice.
What Sabbath peace reigns over all,
What silence in the air !
The stillnesses of nature call
My wandering soul to prayer.

Lord, every hour should be the hour
When I would pray to Thee ;
Thou carest for the simple flower,
Dost Thou not care for me ?
Lord, every hour should be the hour
When I would give Thee praise ;
The heavens Thou rulest by Thy power,
And stretchest out my days.

O Lord, I bless Thee for Thy grace,
And for Thy Sabbath-day ;
I bless Thee for Thy holy place,
Where I may praise and pray.
A humble worshipper, I go
Within Thy holy place ;
Where I may yet more fully know
The wonders of Thy grace.

Thy works without exalt Thy praise,
A glorious morning hymn !
Thy saints within their voices raise,
And join the Seraphim.
Thy heavens and earth with praises ring
A glad Creation song !
Thy saints a higher music sing
With all Thy ransomed throng.

THE SABBATH-DAY.

"The rest of the holy Sabbath unto the LORD."—Exod. xvi. 23.

Oh ! for a Sabbath calm
The storms of life to lay,
To pour its healing balm
On this Thy holy day.
Oh ! for a Sabbath rest in Thee,
Until my heavenly rest I see.

Oh ! for a Sabbath light,
My week-day soul to bless,
More blessed, and more bright,
Than other days possess.
Oh ! for a Sabbath rest in Thee,
Until my heavenly rest I see.

Oh ! for a Sabbath love
All creatures to embrace !
Flowing as Thine above
Upon a guilty race.
Oh ! for a Sabbath rest in Thee,
Until my heavenly rest I see.

Oh ! for a Sabbath court,
Where I may meet with Thee ;
Where all Thy saints resort,
And we Thy glory see.
Oh ! for a Sabbath rest in Thee,
Until my heavenly rest I see.

BEFORE LEAVING THE HOUSE OF GOD.

"The Lord shall preserve thy going out and coming in."—Psa. cxxi. 8.

ERE we leave Thy house of prayer,
Guard our hearts with jealous care ;
Broken by Thy word again,
May that brokenness remain !

Harder than the hardest stone,
Thou could'st melt them, Thou alone ;
While so tender, soft, and warm,
Lord, Thy likeness in them form.

Ere we leave this holy place,
Stablish, Lord, our souls with grace ;
Streams of love this day have flowed—
Love to cheer us on our road.

Oh ! what goodness Thou hast shown,
May it make us more Thine own !
All love's tenderness we feel ;
On our spirits set Thy seal.

Bless us as Thy house we leave,
Lest the world or sin deceive ;
Dangerous steps by us are trod,
Coming from the mount of God.

Then the tempter lies in wait
For our souls, with joy elate ;
Thou canst keep us, Thou alone,
Let Thy shield be o'er us thrown !

Now we leave Thee, now we go
On our journey here below ;
Soon to meet Thee, soon to know,
Joys Thou only canst bestow !

BEFORE THE HOLY COMMUNION.

"This man receiveth sinners."—LUKE xv. 2.

SHALL I leave Thy holy table,
 Feeling I have sinned too much ?
 Lose Thy words so comfortable,
 Knowing not they are for such ?
 Great Physician,
 Heal me with Thy holy touch !

I have come to Thee so often,
 Yet I wander far astray ;
 Is there nought my heart to soften,
 Nought to keep me in Thy way ?
 Holy Spirit,
 Seal my wandering soul to-day !

Who like me so prone to leave Thee,
 Turning to the shades of night ?
 While I do in heart believe Thee,
 Longing for Thy love and light.
 Heavenly Father,
 Save me by Thy Spirit's might !

Whither shall I go for blessing,
If I go not, Lord, to Thee ?
All I need in Thee possessing—
Joy for all my misery.
 . Blessed Jesus,
Pity my infirmity !

Mercy calls me to Thy table,
Washes all my sins away,
Speaks these words so comfortable,
Bids me weeping come to-day ;
 Now entreats me,
“ Broken-hearted sinner, stay.”

Where but at Thy holy table
Can the sinner find relief ?
Strength to make his spirit stable,
Solace for his every grief ?
 Thou dost welcome
Sinners—yea of them the chief.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

"We would see Jesus."—JOHN xii. 21.

UNTO Thy table, Lord, I go,
 Unworthy though I am ;
 UNTO mine eyes the Saviour show,
 Jesus, the Paschal Lamb !

Jesus, the Master and the Feast,
 Who died from love to me.
 I shall not feel a stranger guest,
 If Jesus I can see.

Jesus in all His fulness, Lord—
 Jesus in all His grace—
 His name like ointment freely poured,
 Within Thy holy place.

Jesus, who did in patience bow
 His head upon the tree.
 Jesus in all His glory now,
 As he looks down on me.

Jesus, to satisfy my soul,
To fortify with grace,
And every shadow backward roll,
Before I leave this place.

Jesus, as praying for me now,
And still remembering me ;
Before whom holy angels bow,
This Jesus I would see !

As bursts the sun through gathering clouds,
My Saviour now I see ;
He rends the darkness which enshrouds,
My Lord remembers me !

Oh ! here I would adoring stay,
To see Thy beauty shine ;
I bless this sacramental day,
This nourishment divine !

I soon shall join Thy marriage-feast,
In heaven with Thee shall be—
Till then, I come a welcome guest
Where Jesus I shall see.

AFTER THE HOLY COMMUNION.

"We shall see Him as He is"—1 JOHN iii. 2.

LORD, shall I soon Thy beauty see,
 Without a veil between ?
 And wilt Thou then reveal to me,
 What I far off have seen ?
 Oh ! blessed tidings to my heart,
 That Thou wilt soon appear,
 To bid all pain and sin depart,
 And wipe away the tear.

This day I at Thy table saw
 What I have never seen ;
 My soul was filled with love and awe,
 As it has never been.
 The mountain of my sins was cast
 Into Thy love's deep sea ;
 That wondrous love before me passed,
 Till I was lost in Thee.

Lord, shall I soon Thy glory see,
Without a veil to hide ?
Will Jesus crucified for me,
Be Jesus glorified ?
And shall I then be pure and white
Who now weep for my sin ?
When shall I see that glorious sight ?
When will that time begin ?

O Jesus ! it is hard to know,
How all these things can be ;
How Thou wilt all Thy glory show,
And I shall bear to see.
But Thou wilt give the eagle eye
Upon the sun to gaze—
The grace and glory wilt supply,
To bear Thy noontide rays.

Discouragements and Consolations.



LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

"Looking unto Jesus."—HEB. xii. 2

Look unto Jesus ! He
Gives thee the victory
Over temptation, and sorrow, and sin.
See how He ever lives !
He life eternal gives !
Making thee holy and perfect within.

Look unto Jesus ! when,
Struggling with sin in vain,
Deeper and deeper thou sink'st in despair
See dark Gethsemane—
See His last agony—
Know that thy sin and thy burden were there.

Look unto Jesus ! when
Sin calls thee back again,
Trying with pleasure thy soul to allure.
See the crown o'er thy brow,
Heaven before thee now,
Lose not its pleasures eternal and pure.

Look unto Jesus still !
Doing His holy will ;
Working and waiting in patience and prayer.
Sin is forgiven thee,
Life is made heavenly,
Hidden in Jesus, and banqueting there.

Look unto Jesus now !
Paleness o'erspreads thy brow,
Faintness and languor thy spirit now seize.
Help He will lend to thee,
Grace He will send to thee,
How can'st thou perish with succours like these ?

Look unto Jesus ! till
Thou dost His will fulfil,
Growing in holiness, purity, love,

Till he His image see—
Crown thee with victory—
Take thee to reign in His kingdom above.

SEEKING FRUIT.

"Planted in the house of the Lord."—Ps. xcii. 13.

A BARREN fruitless tree
Had cumbered long the ground ;
When Christ, the Saviour, came to see
If fruit might there be found.
Its leaves were green and bright,
Its blossoms had been fair :
He turned away from that sad sight,
No fruit was growing there.

I was that barren tree—
Had cumbered long the ground ;
And Christ had often come to me,
But fruit had never found.

O wondrous love and grace !
He did not give me o'er—
But sent a time of deep distress,
And gave me one year more.

At last His love prevailed,
His mercy set me free,
When all His awful threatenings failed—
Love gained the victory.
That I should Him deny
Was now my greatest grief ;
That Him I yet might glorify,
The thought which brought relief.

Now planted by the Lord,
In His own vineyard fair,
And rooted in His holy word,
I hope to flourish there.
The dews of His own grace,
The Spirit's gentle rain,
The glorious rays of righteousness,
Shall not descend in vain.

THE MERCIFUL GOD.

"Let us fall into the hands of the Lord, for His mercies are great, and not into the hands of man."—2 SAM. xxiv. 14.

INTO Thy hands, Lord, let me fall,
 And not into the hands of men ;
 For Thou wilt hear me when I call,
 But I should cry to them in vain.

Their tender mercies are unkind
 To every feeble child of Thine ;
 They still retain that evil mind
 Which crucified the Man divine.

INTO Thy hands, O Lord, I fall,
 And Thou must visit for my sin ;
 Uphold me who upholdest all,
 And purify my soul within.

I know my nature must be changed—
 That heaven is only for the pure ;—
 By Jesu's death was sin avenged,
 And by His life was heaven made sure.

This is the lesson Thou hast taught—
In being low my safety lies.
In Thy sight I am less than nought,
And dust and ashes in Thine eyes.

My greatest strength is weakness still.
My weakness strength when on Thee stayed.
My goodness somewhat less of ill.
My vileness, fair in Thee arrayed.

Into Thy hands, O Lord, I fall,
And not into the hands of men.
Thou wilt in mercy hear me call,
For none e'er cry to Thee in vain.

THE DAY-SPRING.

"Arise, shine."—ISA. lx. 1.

THE morning dawns upon my soul,
The day-spring from on high;
The gates of darkness backward roll,
And Jesus greets mine eye !

As nature breaks into a song
Of universal praise,
To see her sun's beams pour along
Their life-reviving rays ;

So does my heart with glad surprise,
Its gratitude express ;
Its praises welcome in the skies
The Sun of Righteousness !

How long and dreary was the night,
What weariness and pain !
What watching for the morning light,
And all that watching vain !

At length, in mercy to my soul,
A light broke from afar,
Its gracious influence o'er me stole,
A bright and morning star !

I scarce had time its rays to bless,
When lo ! a greater light,
The glorious Sun of righteousness
Dazzled my wondering sight !

Now in His soul-reviving beam,
I take my heavenly way—
So fades the troubled midnight dream
Before the rising day !

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

"I will arise and go to my father."—LUKE xv. 18. .

FATHER ! I come to Thee—
Why should I stay
Longer away from Thee,
Longer delay ?
I will Thy mercies prove ;
Do not Thy bowels move ?
Ah ! yes, a Father's love
Turns not away.

Long have I strayed from Thee,
Far from my home ;
Longing to come to Thee—
Loving to roam.

Low in the dust I lie,
Scarcely dare lift mine eye,
Father, to Thee I cry,
 Father, I come !

Large is Thy promise, Lord,
 May I not come ?
Large is Thy kingdom, Lord,
 Still there is room.
Still do Thy words implore—
Christ sets an open door—
Angels sing evermore,
 Welcoming home !

From Thee I will not go,
 Thou art my home.
Danger I cannot know,
 Harm cannot come.
Sweetly the moments fly,
Under my Father's eye
Heaven I now descry,
 Glorious home !

THE TRULY BLEST.

"Blessed is he that maketh the Lord his trust."—Ps. xl. .

How truly blest are they
Whose life to God is given !
At longest but a summer day—
And then they enter heaven.

They meekly suffer here,
More tried than other men ;
But all their troubles disappear,
And all their joys remain.

Poor spirited they seem,
Too humble and too low ;
But theirs is no fantastic dream,
As the Great Day will show.

No wonder they are meek,
They know they are forgiven ;
And other souls with tears they seek,
To take with them to heaven.

Most humble they will be—
Their sins will keep them down ;
And grief, so little fruit to see,
For their Redeemer's crown.

Yet truly blest are they,
Whose lives to God are given !
They, like a sunbeam, pass away
And reappear in heaven.

SEARCH ME, O GOD!

“ Search me, O God, and know my heart.”—PSALM cxxxix. 23.

My heart to Thee I bring,
Before Thee, Lord, lay bare ;
To know if any evil thing
Be lurking unseen there.

Is there within my heart
A sin I cannot see ?
O give me grace with it to part,
And render all to Thee.

Thine eye, Lord, can unwind
Its labyrinth of deceit ;
And there the evil spirit find
In its long-loved retreat.

Thy Spirit has the power
To banish all my sin ;
O let this be my favoured hour,
And now Thy reign begin.

O let not Satan hold
One province of my heart !
Command him, as Thou didst of old
The devils, to depart.

He can himself so clothe—
So like an angel be,
That I may love the thing I loathe,
And not my danger see.

Lord, Thou dost see my heart,
And all its weakness know ;
Thy Holy Spirit now impart,
Thy heavenly grace bestow.

In it set up Thy throne,
Rule every feeling there—
That Thou art King and Lord alone,
My life will then declare.

CAST DOWN.

“Why art thou cast down, O my soul.”—PSALM xlii. 5.

WHY art thou thus beset with fears,
And all thy way bedewed with tears?
Why thus cast down, despairing heart,
Can thoughts of heaven no joy impart?
O why, my soul, so dull and sad,
With Jesus Christ to make thee glad?

O God, mine eyes with looking fail,
To see Thy grace o'er sin prevail.
My longing heart is sick and faint,
Still burdened with its sad complaint.
My spirit pants to be set free
From sin and death, and live to Thee.

Lord, I believe that I am Thine,
And shall through grace in glory shine.
If I am Thine, why still with sin
This constant struggle to begin ?
If I am free, why does this chain
Upon my ransomed soul remain ?

Oh ! shall I ever feel this chain ?
Lord, shall I ever thus complain ?
Still, shall I see Thy smile through tears,
And all my way be hedged with fears ?
Still, shall my spirit, Lord, be sad,
With Jesus Christ to make me glad ?

My soul, in thee dwells cause for fear—
In Christ true joys and hope appear.
In thee unworthiness is found—
In Christ forgivenesses abound.
In thee good reason to be sad—
In Christ the Lord thou shalt be glad.

THE COMFORTER.

"Ephraim is joined to idols : let him alone."—Hos. iv. 17.

GREAT Comforter, I do not pray
That Thou should'st now set up Thy throne
I pray that Thou would'st with me stay,
And leave me not alone.

Thou art my safety all the day,
By night Thy shield is o'er me thrown ;
O say Thou wilt not go away,
And leave me all alone.

I know that I have grieved Thee, Lord,
And made Thy Spirit often groan ;
Yet save me from that fearful word—
"O leave him now alone."

In mercy and in patience bear
With all my waywardness and sin ;
Thou know'st it is my daily prayer,
A new life to begin.

For this I need Thy constant aid,
Thy guard around me always thrown ;
Thy strength in weakness perfect made—
O leave me not alone !

Great Comforter, Thou cam'st for this—
To guide, to teach, to cheer, to grieve,
To chasten, when I walk amiss—
But not my soul to leave.

Thy Spirit helps me thus to pray,
And brings the sweet assurance down,
That Thou wilt always with me stay,
Until I wear my crown.

MY WEAKNESS.

“Have mercy upon me, O Lord; for I am weak.”—PSALM. vi. 2.

I MAKE Thy holiness my aim,
And seek the perfect way;
Yet mourn with bitter grief and shame
O'er all I do and say.

My best attempts are mixed with sin,
My holiest thoughts impure ;
If Thou to mark them shouldst begin,
None could Thine eye endure.

As shrivels up the fairest scroll
Before consuming fire,
So perishes the purest soul,
When Thou, Lord, dost inquire.

I feel my sinful, evil heart,
With every good at war ;
From Thee still ready to depart,
Like some lost wandering star.

I could not in Thy paths remain,
O Lord, one single day,
If Thou did'st not my heart restrain,
And keep it in Thy way.

Thy grace preserves my soul in life,
And keeps me from my sin ;
Thy strength, victorious in the strife,
Makes me the battle win.

The slightest spark of grace, O Lord,
 Implanted in my heart,
Will make Thy word and ways adored,
 And heavenly life impart.

Though far from what I hope to see,
 My likeness to Thy laws ;
Though far from what I ought to be—
 I am not what I was.

THE BLESSED ONES.

“Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.”—PSALM cxliv. 15.

Oh ! blessed is the family
 When God is there !
The infant on the mother’s knee—
 The hoary hair.
A little Goshen there we see,
A faint reflection, Lord, of Thee,
A type of heaven’s great family—
 When God is there.

How blessed must that people be !

Whose lives declare

With still small voice continually,

That God is there.

We see it in their beaming eye ;

The far-off heaven that they descry,

Waiting till all life's storms pass by ;

That God is there.

What happiness it is to see

Their quiet air !

What privilege their company,

For God is there !

Content to let the world pass by ;

Unruffled as the evening sky ;

Sweet voices from their depths reply

That God is there.

They are not skilled in outward things,

Or vain display.

They dwell among life's hidden springs

Their little day.

So lowly, they elude our eyes ;
Until the perfumes which arise,
Arrest us with a sweet surprise
Upon our way.

MY EVIL HEART.

“ When I would do good, evil is present with me.—Rom. vii. 21.

WHEN will my soul, O God, be free
From all its sin and misery ?
My greatest grief in pity see—
My evil heart.

All other conflicts have a close :
The fiercest fight some respite knows :
This contest gives me no repose—
This evil heart.

I daily bring it to Christ's blood,
And plunge it in the cleansing flood ;
But nothing seems to make it good—
This evil heart.

I mourn far more than outward sin,
The lurking evil still therein,
After Thy grace a guest has been
Within my heart.

Sometimes I think my conflict o'er ;
That I shall feel its plague no more ;
That I have not, as heretofore,
An evil heart.

This is the Tempter's snare to catch
My soul, when it has ceased to watch.
And thus from heaven and Thee to snatch
My evil heart.

My greatest comfort is the prayer
That Thou a new heart wouldst prepare,
And make Thy habitation there—
Within my heart.

My greatest joy, Thy promise, Lord,
That needful grace Thou wilt afford ;
That Thy blest Spirit shall be poured
Upon my heart.

“CLOTHED WITH HUMILITY.”

“Be ye clothed with humility.”—1 PET. v. 5.

O God, preserve my soul from pride !
 More open dangers I can see :—
 But this its head so well can hide,
 And pass for true humility.

Lord, what have I to do with pride ?
 My life in mercy Thou dost spare.
 My trust is in His love who died,
 My debt to pay, my curse to bear.

My load of sin I always see,
 As Thou didst hang upon the tree.
 And where, O Lord, should I now be,
 But for Thine own humility?

The love which I can never pay—
 The gratitude I owe to Thee—
 Increase upon me day by day,
 And deepen my humility.

There is a pleasure, Lord, in this—
In being thus in debt to Thee ;
In owing Thee for all my bliss,
And learning Thy humility.

And Thou dost love to hear me, Lord,
Confess the debt I owe to Thee ;
When, all my soul before Thee poured,
I sink in deep humility.

A beggar lying at Thy door—
Away with pride, it suits not me !
My cry—is mercy to implore.
My posture—deep humility.

THE LABOUR OF LOVE.

“ Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.”—GAL. vi. 2.

LORD, I would work, as if for years to come
I still should labour here—
Would watch, as if this moment summoned home
Before Thee to appear.

Lord, I would feel for all my brother's woes,
And try to make them mine—
Would lead him to Thy word, whence comfort flows,
And healing power divine.

Lord, I would grieve for all my brother's sin,
And mix with his my tears—
Would shew the fount which purifies within,
And sin's defilement clears.

Lord, I would pray, like those who know how much
To fervent prayer is given—
Who still must pray, until Thine angel touch
Their lips with fire from heaven.

Lord, I would wait, like watchmen for the day,
Through all this world's long night;
Until, sin's clouds and darkness passed away,
It shineth in Thy light.

Lord, I would love all creatures Thou hast made—
My only hatred sin—
Would have that love in meekness so displayed,
As every heart to win.

That I may love, and thus for others feel,
And all my duty do—
Upon me, Lord, my Saviour's image seal,
The Holy, Just, and True !

A LITTLE WHILE.

"The time is short."—2 COR. vii. 29.

A LITTLE while, and I shall be
In glory or in misery.
O dare I live uncertainly
This little while ?

Is there no light on me to break ?
No bright example I may take ?
No guide my confidence to make,
This little while ?

The words of Jesus shed a light.
His Spirit guides our steps aright.
His life is our example bright,
This little while.

And shall the world my heart beguile ?
Shall sin my conscience still defile ?
And shall I spend in pleasure's smile
This little while ?

Eternity is rushing on—
How much of my short life is gone !
And yet, how little I have done
This little while !

O teach me, Lord, how slight my breath.
Support me in a life of faith ;
And guard me as I sleep in death,
A little while.

How soon this tongue will cease to move !
How soon this heart will cease to love !
Shall I not seek a heaven above
This little while ?

A little while, and I shall be
For evermore in heaven with Thee.
Till then, O Saviour, dwell with me,
This little while !

THE TRUE LIGHT.

"Above the brightness of the sun."—Acts xxvi. 13.

WHEN from afar Thy light I hail,
 And feel one heavenly spark :
 All other glories then turn pale—
 All other lights are dark.

There is no beauty in the sun—
 The moon and stars are dim—
 Compared with Thee, Thou glorious One,
 The adored of Seraphim !

The beauty in this world of ours,
 The music in the air,
 The fragrance of its sweetest flowers,
 Thy glory all declare.

They but reflect Thy beauty, Lord,
 And help my soul to rise ;
 And earth, when Thou art thus adored,
 Becomes a paradise.

Why should I linger by the streams
When I the fountain see ?
Why should I spend my life in dreams
When I can live with Thee ?

Why should I bask in scattered rays ?
Mine is the glorious sun !
O may I sink amid its blaze
When my short life is done !

TEMPTATION IS NOT SIN.

“ In heaviness through manifold temptations.”—1 PETER i. 6.

O God, such sinfulness I see,
I tremble while I trust.
In sand as much consistency,
As in my feeble dust.

Not only weakness I deplore,
But my perverted will—
Leaving the God I should adore,
And choosing what is ill.

Unstop mine ears that they may hear
 The music of Thy voice.
 O bring each precious promise near,
 And cause me to rejoice.

Unseal mine eyes, that they may see
 The glory shining there—
 Thy readiness to come to me,
 In answer to my prayer.

Such sluggishness besets my soul—
 Such slowness to perceive,
 That Thou canst every force control—
 I doubt while I believe.

When all my sinful lusts arise
 In battle's proud array ;
 Shew me Thine army in the skies,
 A greater host than they.

When with temptation's fury spent
 I am like water poured ;
 Shew me the arm on which I leant,
 And whisper, " 'Twas the Lord."

The thought that Satan can inject
Into my evil heart,
Is not my own, if I detect,
And throw away the dart.

The sinful thought becomes my sin,
If it reception find ;
A welcome from the soul within—
A lodgment in the mind.

By Thee alone, O Lord, I stand,
And triumph through Thy might.
Take Thou the battle, and command,
And for Thy servant fight.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"The Sun of righteousness shall arise."—MAL. iv. 2.

Thou glorious Sun ! I see thee come,
But not thine orb's full blaze.
The lingering shadows hasten home
Before thy kindling rays.

Thy still advancing beams I see,
Wave after wave of light—
Until in cloudless majesty
Thou greet'st my wondering sight !

LIGHT of the WORLD ! Thy gentle ray
In Bethlehem first shone.
There shepherds worshipped coming day,
By only one star known.

Advancing beams of glory shone
Along Thy grief-marked way ;
And pierced the veil around Thee thrown,
Until Thy full-orbed day.

Upon the mount Thy glory burst
With unrestricted power ;
When prophet tongues that scene rehearsed,
That unimagined hour !

In pity was that sight revealed,
A glimpse of heaven to shew ;
Which mercy with her veil concealed
From them who dwelt below.

Soon gathering clouds and blackness rise
To hide Thee, glorious Sun !
The Father turns away His eyes,
Until Thy work be done.

The love such agony to bear,
How little understood !
Thou poured'st out Thy soul in prayer,
" Thy sun went down in blood."

Hail ! glorious orb of heavenly light,
Thou newly risen Sun !
I looked for sin and death and night,
All—all in Thee were gone.

No "earth-born" clouds now hide Thy face,
Thou in the heavens dost shine,
In all the splendour of Thy grace—
And I dare call Thee mine.

Shine on my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
With unrefracted ray !
From sin clear all its atmosphere,
And give me perfect day.

THE STRONGHOLD.

"Thou hast been a strength to the poor and needy, a refuge from the storm."—ISA. xxv. 4.

O LORD, we bless Thy holy name,
That, from Thy throne so high,
Thou dost unto the poor proclaim,
Thyself a refuge nigh.

The lofty ones Thou dost not know,
The great ones passest by;
But stoopest down to lift the low,
And raise them to the sky.

We bless Thee that the simple one
Thou teachest in Thy way;
The good to choose, the evil shun,
And on Thy strength to stay.

The timid soul Thou dost invite,
In voice of tender love;
Thy kindness puts his fears to flight,
Thy words his doubts remove.

The broken-hearted Thou dost call,
The sinner in his sin—
Thou dost a welcome give to all,
And bid them all come in.

We have no goodness, Lord, to bring
Into Thy holy place.
Ourselves before Thy throne we fling,
Poor suppliants of Thy grace !

Among Thy poor and needy saints,
To Thee we humbly pray.
Thou hear'st the contrite soul's complaints,
And turnest none away.

To all Thou art most bountiful,
Loading us every day.
But they who come already full,
Shall empty go away.

We bless Thee, that Thou art so high,
Yet stoopest down so low !
That all our need Thou dost supply,
And all our weakness know.

THE HEAVENLY GUARD.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him."—

PSALM xxxiv. 7.

ON the desert sands the Christian lay,
No circle of fire around him.
Peaceful the sleep which at close of day
In his weariness had found him.

He heard not the distant lion's roar,
A sweet forgetfulness bound him.
He sleeps, for his toilsome march is o'er,
And angels encamp around him.

No thoughts of danger disturb his brow,
Calmly those limbs are reposing.
His heart is in heaven with Jesus now,
He knows not that night is closing.

A heavenly slumber has sealed his eyes,
A smile on his face is beaming.
That joyful start was his sweet surprise,
At the sight he sees when dreaming.

In mercy to him that sight is given,
To cheer him in all his sorrow ;
A foretaste sweet of the bliss of heaven,
To strengthen him for the morrow.

He joyful awakes, the night is gone—
His soul to his God commending,
He cheerfully puts his armour on,
And is soon with the distance blending.

THE WELL.

“ Bless the Lord, O ye wells.”—

AMID life's way so sad and dreary,
How sweet to sit beside some well !
To rest the feet so tired and weary,
And listen to its fall and swell.

These glancing waters lightly leaping,
With joy pursue their winding way ;
Their onward course for ever keeping,
However wooed, they will not stay.

This wave, so cool and lightly playing,
From rock to rock, will soon be tossed ;
Though often winding, never straying,
Till in the ocean it is lost.

What life before me now is springing
Out of the bosom of the ground !
O Christ, a glad salvation bringing,
Thou art the Well where life is found !

How often weary, sad, and sinking,
I came beside this crystal well !
And there, its living waters drinking,
Its many virtues loved to tell.

Out of my stony nature springing,
Thou wast to me a well of life ;
The blessings of salvation bringing—
My joy in grief, my peace in strife.

No waters like Thy Holy Spirit—
No draught refreshing as Thy love.
In Thee all blessings I inherit—
A cross below, a crown above.

I come to Thee when life is dreary,
An earthly paradise I see !
I come to Thee when sad and weary—
Upper and nether springs in Thee.

My life its onward course is keeping,
Guided and guarded, Lord, by Thee ;
Between its banks of verdure sweeping,
Till lost in the Eternal sea.

THE HALTING.

“I will heal their backsliding—I will love them freely.”—Hos. xiv. 4.

ALAS ! another painful halt
Upon my heavenward road—
Another weeping o’er my fault,
Before a holy God.

O shall I never rise above
My still besetting sin,
To regions of the purest love,
With not a cloud between ?

Thy tender pity arbors made
 Along the heavenward road ;
That man beneath their friendly shade,
 Might commune with his God.

I bless Thee that Thou did'st prepare
 A place where I may weep ;
And pour my soul to Thee in prayer,
 Who covenant dost keep.

I know not what to say, O Lord,
 I am ashamed to speak.
Thou know'st the sin by me abhorred—
 Thou know'st I am so weak.

So often I have come to Thee
 My weakness to confess.
So often Thou hast met with me,
 To pardon and to bless.

Yet, Lord, I see no other way
 But mourning for my sin.
Thy blood can wash it all away,
 And make me pure within.

So often Thou hast met me here,
So often proved Thy love,
So sweet this heavenly atmosphere—
I almost fear to move.

Yet, Lord, the race before me lies ;
The goal is in my sight ;
The evening shadows now arise,
And soon will close in night.

MY FOOLISHNESS.

“ O God, Thou knowest my foolishness.”—PSALM lxi. 5.

So foolish, Lord, so apt to stray,
I shall not keep the narrow way
Unless Thou guide me, day by day,
To heaven my home.

Thou speak'st, and heaven is in full view !
My doubts dissolve like morning dew ;
My journey gladly I pursue,
To heaven my home.

Rejoicing in Thy Spirit's light,
I do not choose my steps aright ;
And sloth and sin my way benight,
To heaven my home.

Again, too fearful and too slow,
And doubting every step I go,
Until the way Thy Spirit show,
To heaven my home.

I am so slow the way to learn,
And faith from forwardness discern ;
To look to Thee at every turn,
To heaven my home.

I love to saunter on the way,
And pluck the flowers which look so gay ;
Alas ! their beauty leads astray
From Thee and home.

My insufficiency I see.
O grant me true humility !
Firm as a rock, my faith in Thee,
To lead me home.

When Thou giv'st joy, may I rejoice—
Or grief, to Thee lift up my voice.
Thy word my guide, Thy way my choice,
To heaven my home.

The way will not be very far.
I see the bright and morning star ;
And soon shall know what true joys are,
In heaven my home.

MY STRENGTH.

"When I am weak then am I strong."—2 Cor. xii. 10.

O God, I wonder and adore,
That I, so frail a thing, should live.
My strength increasing evermore,
Through grace which Thou alone dost give.
In all life's journey, this my song—
"When I am weak then am I strong."

Sometimes my faith shines like the sun,
And Thou to me art all in all.
Then sun, and moon, and stars are gone,
And darkness shrouds me like a pall.
Yet, even then, this truth I see—
“Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.”

What sins have well-nigh sunk my soul !
What swelling waves have o'er me passed !
But Thou didst all their rage control,
And I am still upon Thee cast.
Through all the tempest's deafening roar,
I heard the words, “Be still—adore.”

Although I have the port in view,
I have not reached the further side ;
And sins, and storms, and trials new,
May try me as they oft have tried.
Yet, vain shall all their fury be,
“Thy grace sufficient I shall see.”

The secret of my strength Thou art
The arm which bears me safely on

The shield which foils Apollyon's dart ;
My stay when earthly props are gone.
In sin my balm, in grief my song—
“When I am weak then am I strong.”

FIGHTING WITH SIN.

“A merciful and faithful High Priest.”—HEB. II. 17.

JESUS ! we come to Thee,
Fighting with sin.
In us the victory
Now, Lord, begin.
Oh ! we have struggled hard,
From all relief debarred—
Jesus, our grief regard,
Fighting with sin !

Jesus, we come to Thee
Vanquished by sin.
In us the victory,
This day begin.

Oh ! we have vainly thought,
By us it might be wrought !
All our strength feels as nought,
Fighting with sin !

Higher temptations rise—
Floods rushing in.
Soon they will drown our cries—
Quench all within.
Whither, Lord, shall we flee
In all our agony ?
Help only comes from Thee,
Fighting with sin !

Tempted in Satan's hour,
Though pure within.
Knowing his fearful power,
O'er hearts of sin.
By all Thine agony,
In dark Gethsemane,
Give us the victory,
Over our sin !

We, Lord, can nothing do,
Sinful within.
Thou makest all things new,
Purging from sin.
In us Thy power display,
Drive all our foes away.
Then shall we own Thy sway,
Conqueror of sin !

TRUST IN GOD.

“Blessed are all they that put their trust in God.”—PSALM II. 12.

How perfectly secure are they
Who in Jehovah put their trust !
His arm supports them day by day,
His angels guard their sleeping dust.

The angel of the Lord surrounds
The safe abode of every saint.
The blessedness which there abounds,
No tongue can tell, no pencil paint.

The pillar of the cloud by day,
The pillar of the fire by night.
Jehovah Jesus leads the way,
And always guides their footsteps right.

The land in view they shall possess.
His shield above their path to guard.
Their guide—the Lord their Righteousness.
A crown of glory their reward !

THE FULNESS OF JESUS.

‘ It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell.’—COL. 1. 19.

FULNESS, Jesus ! in Thee dwelling,
Like a fountain floweth o’er ;
Infinite as Thou art, willing,
Rising, springing evermore.
Who can all Thy fulness measure ?
Time will ne’er its wonders know :
Nor eternity have leisure,
All its height and depth to show.

Show us Thine own fulness, Jesus,
And our souls by faith prepare ;
Fulness of Thy grace which frees us
From the curse which Thou didst bear.
Fulness of Thy gracious favour ;
Fulness of redeeming love ;
Fulness of Thy precious savour,
Filling all Thy courts above.

Fulness of Thy loving patience ;
Fulness of Thy heavenly joys ;
Fulness of Thy dispensations,
Time exhausts not nor destroys.
Fulness of Thy deep compassion,
For a sinful dying world ;
Fulness of Thy death and passion,
And Thy mercy there unfurled.

Fulness ever overflowing,
Of Thy majesty divine.
Fulness of Thy goodness glowing,
By which angels' faces shine !

Fulness of Thy light supernal,
Banishing the thought of sin.
Fulness of Thy life eternal,
Still beginning to begin !

ARM OF THE LORD.

"Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord"—ISA. II. 9.

ARM of the Lord, awake !
Put forth Thy glorious power ;
Upon our foes swift vengeance take,
In their victorious hour !

We have no strength at all,
Our eyes on Thee are set ;
Thine arm must save us or we fall
At once into their net.

They know our weakness well,
Their tyranny is hard—
And they in proud derision tell,
That Thou dost not regard.

Arm of the Lord, awake !
And save us in this hour.
Our battle, Lord, Thy battle make—
Our weakness make Thy power.

As mists and darkness flee
Before the rising sun ;
If Thou but look abroad and see,
The victory is won.

We bless Thee for This hour,
For all Thy watchful love.
In new temptations, this Thy power
Our confidence will prove.

Should future foes arise,
Should we beneath them bow—
Thou God of battle, hear our cries,
And save as Thou dost now !

THE CRY OF WEAKNESS.

"Lead us not into temptation."—MATT. vi. 13.

O KEEP me from temptation, Lord,
My soul is still so weak.
O may Thy heavenly grace be poured
On all I think and speak !

Thou dost to me all help afford ;
Thou hast Thy Spirit given ;
And footsteps in Thy holy word,
To guide my feet to heaven.

Thou sittest on a throne of grace,
To grant my least request.
Thou hast on earth assigned my place,
And given me what is best.

Thou hast assured me of Thy love,
And of Thy constant care.
The rocks and mountains may remove—
Thy love will still be there.

This is my confidence and hope,
Thy patience, Lord, is long !
That Thou wilt safely bear me up—
That Thou, O God, art strong !

And yet so feeble is my word—
So short the steps I take ;
That “ Keep me from temptation, Lord,”
Is still the prayer I make.

My love at best is faint and cold ;
My faith so weak and small ;
That if Thou didst not me uphold,
I instantly should fall.

How often proudly I would try
If I could stand alone !
Then Thou didst but withdraw Thine eye,
And I was overthrown.

Thou wilt not let me go alone ;
Thou lovest me too well ;
But all my foes shall be o’erthrown,
And I with Thee shall dwell.

WATCHING UNTO PRAYER.

"Watch ye, and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."—MARK xiv. 38.

THE calmest day may end in storm.

And sin may suddenly gain power
To tempt in unsuspected form.

O save me in that dangerous hour !

How beautiful that sleeping lake,

And silent as the hills around !

A breath will into shivers break,

That glass where heaven so late was found.

So heavenly and so calm my course—

Yet suddenly dark clouds may lower :

Some sin subdued may gain new force,

And overcome me in that hour.

It is not that I doubt Thy word—

I know Thine own almighty power.

Yet, when the coming storm is heard,

O save me in that trying hour !

I am so sinful and so weak,
So foolish and so apt to stray.
In all I think, and do, and speak,
So slow to choose the better way.

My greatest comfort is Thy love,
My greatest safety is Thy fear.
I still would look to Thee above,
And cry to Thee when sin is near.

At best my strength is but a shade,
Less weakness than I had before.
A sin—when it my trust is made ;
A grace—when it is seeking more.

My little strength has often proved,
In times of need, my greatest snare ;
Aggrieved Thou hast Thine arm removed,
And taught me thus the use of prayer.

I pray to Thee when sin is near—
In days of joy—in nights of grief ;
And though no danger should appear,
Prayer is my safety and relief.

Until the storms of life be o'er,
With all its sunshine and its shower;
Until I reach the further shore,
Lord, save me in each trying hour !

A HEART PREPARED.

"Create in me a clean heart."—PSALM II. 10.

JESUS ! prepare my heart this day
To rule my outward life ;
All pride and evil take away—
All bitterness and strife.

O make it like the tender grass,
When it is newly mown !
Then let Thy Spirit o'er it pass,
And plenteous grace send down.

Its native pride all cut away ;
Cause tender shoots to spring,
From faith, which Thou wilt give to-day,
And love that faith will bring.

Obedient to Thy slightest look,
May I still watchful be !
Mine eyes upon Thy holy book,
My heart in heaven with Thee.

To me the privilege afford,
With light from heaven to shine.
The vessel is but earthly, Lord,
O make the life divine !

A more than common light inform
All I may do this day ;
A more than common fervour warm,
Whatever I may say.

In every duty under heaven,
A native grace is found ;
But when the heart to Thee is given,
They are with glory crowned.

This cheers me on from day to day,
Contented with my lot ;
A glory shines upon my way,
Though man may see it not.

THE CAPTAIN OF SALVATION.

"Our eyes are upon Thee."—2 CHRON. xx 12

FATHER ! I strive to conquer sin,
And every inlet guard.
Thy promise cheers me to begin,
Thy smile is my reward.

Go forth with me to battle, Lord,
And on the ramparts stand :
Sin's hosts will tremble at Thy word,
And flee at Thy command.

Each strong temptation I o'ercome ;
Each evil thought suppress ;
I feel that I am nearer home,
I have one foe the less.

I have no strength to fight my foes,
No power in arm of mine ;
And when I give them mortal blows,
The glory, Lord, is Thine.

In every conquest I obtain,
Methinks Thy smile I see.
In every victory I gain,
I lift my heart to Thee.

The world—the flesh—the devil try
In turn, by fraud or force,
To draw from Thee mine upturned eye,
And stop me in my course.

For Thee the combat I renew,
Again myself prepare.
A glorious crown in heaven I view,
And hasten to be there.

The knowledge that Thou lovest me—
That my success is Thine ;
That Thou dost all the battle see—
This makes my life divine.

The Blessed Consummation.

THE ELDER BROTHER.

“Jesus, our elder Brother.”

ELDER Brother, now in Heaven !
Jesus, Saviour of our soul !
All our sins Thou hast forgiven—
All our guilt on Thee we roll.
Thou didst bear them on the tree,
Thou for us didst groan and die.
Crucified on Calvary—
Glorified and throned on high.

Elder Brother ! Thou didst take
All our poverty and sin.
Blest Redeemer, for our sake
Thou didst suffer, pure within.
From the curse Thou didst redeem
Soul and body's lost estate.
Lead us to Thy crimson stream—
Bring us back by mercy's gate.

Elder Brother, now in Heaven !
Sitting on a throne of grace.
Highest honours to Thee given—
Highest angels veil their face.
Thou dost wear our nature still,
On Thy heart our names dost bear—
Help us to fulfil Thy will,
Through Thine all-prevailing prayer.

Elder Brother ! Thou dost know
All we have on earth to bear :
All the agony and woe,
When the guilt of sin is there.
Keep us in temptation's hour,
In our loneliness and grief :
Thou dost know the Tempter's power,
Thou alone canst bring relief.

Elder Brother ! Thou hast paid
All the forfeit of our sin ;
Perfect hast our title made,
Perfect meetness make within.

Heaven is our possession now,
Purchased by Thy precious blood.
Ere the crown be on our brow,
Make us holy, just, and good !

ONLY THINE.

"Ye are not your own."—1 Cor. vi. 19.

ONLY Thine, Lord, I would be,
Thine throughout eternity !
Thine through all the march of time,
Raising me to heights sublime ;
Thine through every fleeting hour,
Shining only by Thy power ;
When life's moments cease to be,
Thine through all eternity !

By creation I am Thine ;
By Thy providence divine ;
By redemption Thine become,
Heaven my everlasting home !

By adoption raised on high,
Where I "Abba, Father," cry;
While I live, I Thine would be,
Thine through all eternity !

Thine a living sacrifice,
Soul and spirit daily rise ;
Only for Thee I would live,
All my members to Thee give ;
All my being offer Thee,
With a true sincerity.
Only Thine, Lord, I would be,
Thine through all eternity !

Thine the glory and the praise,
All the labour of my days ;
Thine the calmness and delight,
All the mercies of the night ;
Thine the incense which shall rise
With my daily sacrifice.
Only Thine, Lord, I would be,
Thine through all eternity !

THE BETROTHED.

"Thy maker is Thine husband."—ISAIAH liv. 5.

ALL that I had I gave to Thee,
All that thou hast is mine ;
Thou took'st my sin and misery,
And gav'st me life divine.

The husband's right Thou, Lord, dost claim,
I nothing now possess,
Since I am callèd by Thy name—
The Lord my Righteousness !

My former pleasures I forget,
My former loves despise ;
On Thee my heart alone is set,
On Thee my longing eyes.

A rich provision Thou hast made,
And all my wants supplied ;
In Thine own righteousness arrayed,
Content I here abide.

I ask not for possessions here,
My kingdom is above ;
And when thou dost to me draw near,
Thou crownest me with love.

Of all my former sins Thou dost
No longer mention make ;
Thy one request—my soul's deep trust,
And love for Thine own sake.

It is for me that Thou dost now
In heaven the joys prepare—
The glories, which I soon shall know,
And soon with Thee shall share.

My only care, that men may know
The greatness of Thy state :
That I in humbleness may shew
My expectations great.

My only thought, how shall I prove
Most worthy of Thy love ;
Till from this earth I shall remove,
To Thine own courts above.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

"I will commune with thee."—Exod. xxv. 22.

How blissful are the moments, Lord,
 When I commune with Thee !
 What glory shines in every word
 That Thou dost speak to me !

What beauty in Thy countenance,
 Thy voice is sweet with love !
 Oh ! never could a human glance
 Such joy within me move.

No earthly smile could ever give
 Such fulness of delight ;
 With Thee alone I truly live,
 Rejoicing in Thy sight.

I listen to Thy voice of love,
 Until my heart is stirred,
 With joys which rise far, far above
 The joys by earth preferred.

Thy presence is enough, O Lord,
Were I no voice to hear.
It does a blessedness afford
To feel that Thou art near.

Thy glory fills the whole of space.
Thy gracious presence here,
This chamber makes a holy place—
A heavenly atmosphere !

How blissfully the moments fly
When I commune with Thee !
Glories, unseen by worldly eye,
I then in Spirit see.

THE STARRY CROWN.

A young lady who had lived for the world, having experienced the love of Jesus on her deathbed, exclaimed, when dying, "I shall have a starless crown—I have brought no souls to Jesus."

LORD, give to me a starry crown,
With Thy bright jewels shining !
Before Thee I will cast it down,
Heaven's alleluias joining.

How sad to hear around the throne
The saints their praises singing,
And stand, with starless crown, alone—
No souls to Jesus bringing!

O give to me a starry crown!
What joy in heaven it raises,
To hear the voices we have known,
And taught on earth Thy praises!
It is not melody alone,
But harmonies which please us;
Our voices all will blend in one,
In songs of love to Jesus.

O give to me a diadem!
May every day be lending
New lustre, or another gem
To Thy great treasury sending!
And I, when bowed before Thy throne,
In adoration bending;
Will bless Thee that, not I alone—
Thousands to Thee are wending!

O how could I such blessings know,
And not wish men to share them ?
See them so careless here below,
And not for heaven prepare them ?
O give to me a starry crown,
With Thy bright jewels shining !
Before Thee I will cast it down,
Heaven's alleluias joining.

SHOW ME THY GLORY.

"I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory."—Exod. xxxiii. 18.

O show to me Thy glory,
As I on earth can bear ;
Until I stand before Thee,
And all its fulness share.
I long to see Thy glory
In stooping down so low ;
With angels to adore Thee,
And here Thy praises show.

Thy glory in creation
I every where behold ;

And in Thy revelation
It shineth sevenfold.
Yet, Lord, I would be gazing
Upon Thy hidden light ;
Mine eyes thence never raising
Till faith is lost in sight.

My mind would now be knowing
Thy untold depths of love ;
My heart would now be glowing
With fire sent from above.
Though but a glimpse of glory
Which I on earth can bear ;
Yet, Lord, I do implore Thee,
Thy glorious Name declare.

Reveal that heart so tender—
So full of sovereign grace ;
Which all things did surrender,
The lost in heaven to place.
O from all evil take me,
And lay me very low !
'What Thou wouldst have me, make me,
And then Thy glory show.

Ah ! Thou in love dost spare me,
And hide me in Thy side ;
Until Thy grace prepare me
To see Thee glorified.
Thy bright excess of glory
Would now my soul confound ;
Until I stand before Thee,
Grace is a sweeter sound !

THE DELIVERER.

"Our soul is escaped as a bird."—Psa. cxxiv. 7.

ANOTHER band of sin is burst,
And I am free !
A pardoned sinner, as at first,
I come to Thee.
A new thankoffering, Lord, I bring.
Thy praises from my heart upspring.
In heaven rejoicing angels sing,
The sight to see.

The angels saw the toils when spread,
And wondered much ;
They flew to raise my sinking head,
Their love was such.
But Thou wast my Deliverer, Lord !
Thy grace did instant help afford ;
My bands, when Thou didst speak the word,
Broke at the touch.

My soul now sings her grateful song,
A bird set free !
Thy praises, Lord, are all day long,
Her minstrelsy.
What liberty it gives to me !
What glory, Lord, it yields to Thee !
What joy in heaven my soul to see,
From sin set free !

HOLINESS.

"Be ye holy ; for I am holy."—1 PET. i. 16.

LORD, to be holy is my prayer—
This is my one unceasing care
While days and months roll by.
As watchmen wait for morning light,
I turn to Thee my aching sight ;
Until Thou dost dispel the night,
And make the shadows fly !

I daily on my watch-tower stand—
No sailor for the sight of land
More anxious sweeps the sky ;
Than I by faith the night survey,
To hail the dawn of perfect day ;
When sin and death shall pass away,
Before Thy holy eye.

Upon Thy promises I stand ;
Waiting until Thou dost command,
The blessing from on high.
O by Thy Spirit, Lord, inspire
The purity Thou dost require—
The holiness I now desire—
And make the shadows' fly !

THE ROCK. .

" My heart is fixed, O God."—PSALM lvi. 7.

My heart is fixed, O God, on Thee,
Awake my harp and psaltery !
No power of man my soul can shake
When I my God my refuge make.
I will not fear the earthquake's shock,
Firm on my everlasting Rock.

My heart is fixed, O God, on Thee,
No power on earth can injure me !
When I my God a refuge make,
No power in hell my soul can shake.

Though wicked men and devils mock,
I stand secure upon my Rock,

My heart is fixed, O God, on Thee
For time and for eternity !
No higher good can I attain,
No other heaven I wish to gain.
As doves around their windows flock,
My heart still seeks its heavenly Rock.

Rock of my soul, to Thee I come !
Rest of my heart, my heavenly home !
Light of mine eyes, I joy in Thee !
Life of my life eternally !
I will not fear the earthquake's shock
Fixed on my everlasting Rock.

LORD, REMEMBER ME.

"Cast me not off in mine old age; forsake me not when my strength
falleth."—Psa. lxxi. 9.

WHEN youthful vigour steals away ;
And summer pleasures will not stay,
Before the winter of decay,
Do Thou remember me.

When all the friends of youth are gone,
And I am left to stand alone—
Lord, lead Thy lonely wanderer on,
And still remember me.

When former sins oppress the mind ;
When doubts and fears an entrance find
And gathering clouds arise behind,
Do Thou remember me.

When trembling as a leaf my frame,
Then brighter burn the heavenly flame !
Though I may change, Thou art the same—
Thou wilt remember me.

When all life's waves have o'er me passed ;
And death's dread struggle comes at last ;
Receive my soul upon Thee cast.
Oh ! then remember me !

When in Thy glory Thou dost come ;
And when the World awaits its doom ;
Oh ! call me from the silent tomb,
Lord, then remember me !

MISSIONARY HYMN.

"Go ye teach all nations."—MATT. xxviii. 19.

O BEAR the Gospel story
To distant heathen lands !
O tell the Saviour's glory
To Satan's captive bands !
O use thy best endeavour
Their dying souls to save !
Before they sink for ever
In sin's eternal grave.

O bear the Gospel treasure !
Proclaim a world forgiven ;
Convey the Father's pleasure,
To welcome them in heaven.
It is the greatest glory,
The saints on earth can have ;
To tell His wondrous story,
Who died a world to save.

O do not longer tarry,
Nor with the flesh confer !
The Saviour's message carry,
His blest ambassador !
Think of the love He bore thee—
Think of His last command—
Think of the crown before thee,
Go to the heathen land !

How beauteous on the mountain,
The messengers of peace !
How sealed the living fountain,
Till they its wave release !

They have obtained the blessing,
And freely they would give.
Eternal life possessing,
They would that others live.

O bear the gospel story ;
Go to the heathen land !
Proclaim thy Saviour's glory,
Obey His last command.
To God thy soul commending,
We follow thee with prayer,
And God, His Spirit sending,
Crown all thy labors there !

THE ENDURING TESTIMONY.

"He, being dead, yet speaketh."—HEB. xi. 4.

SHALL my short life now glide away
With fleetness of the passing wind ?
Oh ! shall I lose its little day,
And leave no lasting name behind ?

The fragrant lime-tree casts its shade,
And yields a covert for the bird ;
The seeds of countless limes are laid,
Before the woodman's axe is heard.

Shall I no shade for timid soul,
No shelter leave for stricken heart ?
No haven when the tempests roll ?
No word to bid the fear depart ?

No usefulness for present time ?
No trustfulness for time to come ?
No hope to make this life sublime ?
No life which shall survive the tomb ?

The syllables of Thy dear name,
I would inscribe on all I do.
My every word a quenchless flame,
Still to Thy glory pointing true.

Thine is the love I would declare—
Thine is the mercy I adore—
Thine is the message I would bear—
And Thine the glory evermore !

Thy name, O Jesus, in my soul,
A holy fragrance will impart—
Eternal ages still shall roll,
And deeper grave it in my heart !

ETERNITY.

ETERNITY ! Eternity !

What awful deeps dost thou contain !
Over thy dread infinity,
My soul to voyage seeks in vain.
Mysterious as the surging sea,
I cannot sound thy shoreless deep ;
The stream of time is lost in thee,
And all its secrets thou dost keep.

Eternity ! Eternity !

I tremble on thy shadowy brink.
Alone—I dare not tempt thy sea,
Unpiloted—my soul might sink.

Thy undertone I hear again;
Thy awful depths at times appear;
For further shore I look in vain;
Thy endless surging still I hear.

Out of thy depths, Eternity !
I hear a sad unearthly wail.
The shriek of human agony—
The sinking soul's despairing tale.
Above the sounding of thy sea;
Through all the gloom which shrouds thy shore;
I hear thy cry, Eternity !
“ For evermore—for evermore !”

One Pilot only knows thy sea;
O may that Pilot be my guide !
One line can sound eternity,
By God the infinite supplied;
One only Ark can safely bear
Upon thy ever surging sea;
That Ark—that line—that Pilot's care—
Be mine to gain, Eternity !

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.

"Prepare to meet thy God."—Amos iv. 12.

My soul, this night may be thy last !
 The unerring dart may now be cast,
 Art thou prepared to die ?
 Is death a gulf to thee unknown ?
 O dar'st thou make the plunge alone,
 And meet God's holy eye ?

Through grace I shall not go alone.
 The way of death, is not unknown,
 To Him who is my guide.
 He came to pave its depths with love,
 And bear my ransomed soul above,
 That I might be His bride.

I shall not fear God's holy eye,
 With my Redeemer standing by,
 To claim me for His own—

To robe me in His righteousness,
To crown me, and His love confess,
And seat me on His throne.

To feel all sin and sorrow cease,
To meet Thee, glorious Prince of Peace !
Thou dost my soul prepare :
To hear the voice which calls me home,
To see Thine angels for me come,
And all Thy glory share.

SOVEREIGN GRACE.

“By grace ye are saved.”—EPH. ii. 5.

O God, when I Thy kingdom see,
When I behold Thy face ;
My never-ending song shall be,
The glory of Thy grace.

So many foes surround my way,
And stop me in the race ;
That I should never gain the day—
If not for sovereign grace.

My former sins like spectres rise
In terrible array ;
O see my terror, hear my cries,
And drive them all away !

Sins, long since dead, new life receive,
And all my joys efface.
Lord, I should faint, but I believe
In Thine almighty grace.

How cunningly the Tempter works !
He fills my soul with joy ;
And in some grace of Thine he lurks,
The better to destroy.

Alas ! my own deceitful heart,
In league with my worst foe,
Gives all the venom to his dart,
And works my overthrow.

Although I fall, I rise again,
A trophy of Thy grace.
The tempter knows his power is vain,
And flies before Thy face.

A monument of grace I am.
O may my future days
Reflect the glory of Thy name—
A monument of praise !

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—REV. xiv. 13.

O **WEEP** not for them who die in the Lord,
For they are in blessedness dying ;
But weep for the souls by Jesus deplored,
Who all His deep love are defying !

We hope for the man whose armour is on,
Whose eye on his captain is resting ;
Whose love, like a shield of glory is thrown
Around, as the fight he is breasting.

We quail for the man who sleeps at his post,
In an enemy's country a stranger ;
He sees not around him the gathering host,
He feels not his imminent danger.

O mourn not the dead who die in the Lord,
Whose spirits on high are ascended ;
Their souls now behold the God they adored,
Their danger and conflict are ended !

They shine in a light our eyes have not seen,
They know not of sin or of sorrow ;
Now bright as the sun, like us they have been,
And we hope for like glorious morrow.

But mourn for the souls in sin lying dead,
In its lethargy fondly reposing ;
They see not the curse hanging over their head,
The darkness so rapidly closing !

The night of this earth is followed by day,
The night of the soul knows no morrow ;
Its horrors and darkness will ne'er pass away,
Eternal its exile and sorrow !

OH ! WHO SO BLEST AS I.

"Happy are these thy servants."—2 CHRON. ix 7.

A God to keep my soul,
 And all my wants supply,
 To rule me with a sweet control—
 Oh ! who so blest as I !

No danger dare come near,
 His NAME is my defence.
 The pillar and the cloud appear,
 And scatter darkness hence.

Oh ! who so blest as I !
 I know no anxious care ;
 My Father will my wants supply,
 In answer to my prayer.

My daily bread He gives,
 My daily strength renews ;
 On Him my spirit daily lives,
 Refreshed by His own dews.

Fit raiment he provides ;
And gives Himself to me,
A perfect Righteousness which hides
My soul's deformity.

Around my neck he throws
The chain of love divine.
His Holy Spirit He bestows,
To make my graces shine.

In doubt about His will,
To Him I lift mine eye ;
As mountain mists roll up the hill,
He makes my doubts to fly.

The trials that He sends
Are sweeter, with His love,
Than all the joys the world commends,
And worldly men approve.

I cannot miss the way
To heaven with such a Guide.
I cannot doubt that love to-day,
Which I so long have tried.

He spreads my tent below,
My palace in the sky ;
He makes my cup to overflow—
Oh ! who so blest as I !

A LITTLE LONGER.

“Ye have need of patience.”—HEB. x. 36.

A LITTLE longer Thou dost make
Life's voyage, ere its storms be o'er.
A larger compass Thou dost take,
Before I gain the further shore.
It matters not, if Thou be there
The helm to hold—the vessel guide—
I shall be happy anywhere,
If Thou, O God, art by my side.

A larger circle round me spreads,
A wilderness of desert sand—
The world's vain light deceitful sheds
Its beams illusive o'er the land.

I labor on, my Guide is sure,
My toilsome march will soon be o'er ;
I cheerfully these ills endure
For joys which last for evermore.

A little longer I shall toss
Upon the waves of life's rough sea ;
A little longer suffer loss,
To gain a blest eternity.
That rock ahead frowns like the grave—
This fearful plunge may be my last—
Through Thee I ride upon the wave,
And smile upon the dangers past.

A little longer I must bear—
A little longer exiled roam.
But Thon art with me everywhere,
To cheer me with the thoughts of home.
I find a gain in every loss
That I am called to bear for Thee :
A crown of joy in every cross,
A glory for eternity.

FOR EVERMORE.

"For ever and ever."—Rev. xxi. 5.

For evermore to dwell with Thee,
 For evermore to cease from sin !
 When shall mine eyes Thy glory see ?
 When shall that happy time begin ?

For evermore on Thee to gaze !
 No going out, nor breaking in ;
 No interruption to our praise ;
 No more a cloud to come between.

For evermore—for evermore—
 What blessedness is in that sound !
 The very thought half opes the door,
 Where all that blessedness is found.

Oh ! that a careless world could know
 One-half the meaning of that word !
 The height of bliss, the depth of woe,
 When evermore at last is heard.

For evermore—its echoes bound
Along the earth's remotest shore
The Heavens give back the gladsome sound
Hell's wailings cry, "For evermore."

The only happy souls are they,
Who wait for heaven's wide opening door;
Until the Heavenly Bridegroom say,
"Come in, ye blest, for evermore!"

Eternity is in each thought,
In words we lightly now pass o'er;
And every action now is fraught,
With weal or woe for evermore.

THE BANNER.

"His banner over me was love."—CANT. II. 4.

JESUS, wave Thy banner o'er me,
Let me see its beauteous folds.
Thine the love which can restore me,
Thine the arm which still upholds.

Though I am through Thee victorious,
Yet my soul is faint and sad.
Let me see Thy banner glorious,
And the sight will make me glad.

Blessed Jesus ! I can feel it
Waving gently in the air.
To the eye of faith reveal it,
I would always see it there.
It would cheer my hours of sadness,
When by trials hard beset.
It would give me gleams of gladness,
Which I never should forget.

Let me see Thy banner waving ;
Take me to Thy house of love.
Larger measures I am craving,
Of the joys they know above.
Let me sit Thy shadow under,
There I shall with Thee rejoice ;
Listening, with increasing wonder,
To the music of Thy voice.

THE FORETASTE.

"Ye are come unto the heavenly Jerusalem."—HEB. xii. 22.

FAR, far below earth disappears,
 As I on wings of faith arise.
 The songs of angels fill mine ears,
 And rend the skies.

By faith I see the great white throne,
 Surrounded by its emerald bow;
 The glorious Lord who sits thereon,
 And One I know!

In likeness to a bleeding lamb,
 He stands before the Father's throne;
 And pleading with the great I AM,
 He claims His own.

He shows His piercèd hands and side;
 Angelic hosts around Him bow;
 He thinks of them for whom He died,
 And loveth now.

The Father loves Him for His love,
And seats Him on His royal throne ;
Exalts His NAME all names above—
The Glorious One !

“ Worthy the Lamb,” His saints proclaim,
In inner circle round the throne—
The incommunicable name
On each brow shone !

My eyes no other sight could see ;
My ears could hear no other name ;
One thought filled heaven with ecstasy—
The great I AM !

In blood-washed robes, now white as snow,
With crowns and palms the saints I see ;
I longing looked and thought I saw
A place for me !

This gives to me a heavenly song.
The Glorious One hath on me shone ;
And tells me I shall stand ere long,
Before the throne.

THE FIGHT.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—1 TIM. VI. 12.

FIGHT, good soldier of the Lord !
Firm the promise, keen thy sword.
Through the battle's thickest din,
Heavenly glory thou shalt win.

Hope behind thee there is none—
Joy before thee beckons on :
Nothing fear but hell and sin,
Heavenly glory thou shalt win.

Art thou faint ? The tree of life
Stops thy bleeding in the strife.
Guardian angels strengthen thee ;
Soon the kingdom thou shalt see.

Satan gives no truce nor peace ;
Death alone the strife shall cease.
Unto death then faithful be,
God hath promised victory !

Countless dangers thou hast braved ;
 From them all thou hast been saved.
 Soon shall cease the battle's din—
 Soon the victory thou shalt win

Thy companions in the fray,
 Thou shalt join in that blest day ;
 Then shall angels bear thee in,
 Where thy triumphs shall begin.

THY KINGDOM COME.

"Thy kingdom come."—MATT. vi. 10.

THY kingdom come, O Lord,
 Thy people gather in ;
 Send forth Thy reconciling word,
 And Thy blest reign begin.

Do Thou all men command
 Before Thee to appear ;
 And gather them from every land—
 The far off and the near.

In all set up Thy throne,
Assert Thy royal right.
Thou art our King and Lord alone,
Reign in Thy glorious might !

When Thou hast made us meet
Thy glory, Lord, to see ;
Our longing eyes in gladness greet,
And glorious majesty.

Oh ! shall these very eyes
Thy second coming see ?
Methinks I hear the joyful cries,
The waking ecstasy.

O when wilt Thou appear ?
Thy bride is sad and lone.
O when shall we Thy chariot hear,
And see Thee on Thy throne ?

THE TROPHY.

"He that winneth souls is wise."—PROV. xi. 30.

O GIVE to me some trophy, Lord,
Which I may bear to Thee on high ;
Some lost one rescued by Thy word,
Before I die.

Some further usefulness point out—
Some greater power Thy grace supply,
To soothe the soul and clear the doubt ;
Then let me die.

Thou knowest I would gladly go,
Where I shall always see Thy face ;
But Oh ! I long that all may know
That blessed place !

O make me like the wayside flower,
Which blooms so bright its little day ;
Reflecting all Thy love and power,
Then hastes away !

Thy righteousness be all my dress,
Thy blood, O Jesus, be my balm !
In all things Thee may I confess,
Where'er I am.

I know that here no joy is found,
Save in fulfilling all Thy will.
I know that purest joys abound
On Zion's hill.

A light from heaven descends upon
The upward path which leads to God ;
And Jesus gently cheers me on,
The way He trod.

Amid this dark and dreary world,
I labor till the word is given—
Till death's dark portals backward hurled,
I wake in heaven !

THE UNCHANGING.

"I am the Lord, I change not."—MAL. iii. 6.

O LORD, Thou art my safe abode ;
 My fortress on my heavenward road ;
 Thou art the everlasting God ;
 Thou changest not.

Time's periods quickly pass away ;
 Life's moments still more short than they ;
 Eternity is Thy long day.
 Thou changest not.

Although the lasting hills may move ;
 The deep foundations of Thy love
 Are fixed as Thy throne above.
 Thou changest not.

My timid soul by fear oppressed ;
 By sin and guiltiness distressed ;
 Finds shelter always in Thy breast.
 Thou changest not.

I may be dearer now to Thee;
Thy love I may more clearly see;
Thou always wast the same to me.
Thou changest not.

Had I not learned to love Thy name,
And Thy great goodness to proclaim;
Thy faithfulness had been the same.
Thou changest not.

Thy blessings fall like morning dew;
Still fresh displays of grace I view;
Thou art the same—Thy mercies new—
Thou changest not.

The sport of every wind that blows;
My weary soul no comfort knows,
Until it finds in Thee repose,
Who changest not.

In all my doubts I come to Thee;
Thy everlasting word I see,
And all my doubts and darkness flee.
Thou changest not.

LEANING ON THE BELOVED.

"Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?"

—CANT. viii. 5.

How sweet to lean on Jesu's breast,
 And all my sin confess !
 To find His love a perfect rest
 Through all life's wilderness !
 But still more sweet to hear Him tell
 Of purer joys to come ;
 When I with Him shall sinless dwell,
 In heaven's eternal home !

His love provides me what is best,
 His gifts His love express ;
 His Spirit sheds within my breast
 Joy in the wilderness !
 Yet Oh ! it is a desert place,
 Where evil spirits roam ;
 And upward still I turn my face,
 To heaven's eternal home.

His love prepares a glorious rest ;
His angels guard my way ;
His saints are my companions blest,
To heaven's eternal day.
I will not dread the wilderness,
Nor dangers yet to come ;
With Jesus still to love and bless,
And guide me to my home.

'Tis sweet to lean on Jesu's breast,
And here His love confess ;
But sweeter far in heaven to rest,
And there His goodness bless.
This world—it is a dangerous place—
But there we cannot roam.
O Jesus ! I would see Thy face,
And heaven's eternal home !

CHANGED FROM GLORY TO GLORY.

"Changed into the same image—from glory to glory."—2 Cor. iii. 18.

As stands the sculptor in a trance
 Of ecstasy, admiring still,
 The ideal form and countenance,
 His soul with beauty there to fill ;
 Till he in marble shall express
 Its unattempted loveliness ;

So stand I with adoring eye,
 And worship in God's holy place ;
 Until Jehovah shall pass by—
 Till Jesu's loveliness I trace.
 And in my life its power confess,
 Conformed to His own righteousness.

I ponder on His holy Word,
 Till He reveal Himself to me.
 I listen till a voice is heard ;
 I look till I His beauty see.
 I gaze entranced, and trembling own
 A mighty power, till then unknown.

I gaze, adore, and wait, until
On me His likeness He impress.
My spirit with His Spirit fill—
My soul with His own righteousness.
Until transformed to perfect love,
He bear me to His courts above.

THE LONGING.

“Having a desire to depart.”—PHIL. I. 23.

Oh ! when will all my sorrows end,
And all my wanderings cease ?
When shall I see my dearest Friend ?
The glorious Prince of Peace !

From all the bondage of this life,
When shall I find release ?
And lose the conflict and the strife
In Thee, Thou Prince of Peace !

I know that Thou art very near,
That Thou art at the door.
O Jesus, when wilt Thou appear,
And all my griefs be o'er?

I feel my pleasure in the things
Of this vain life decrease ;
My spirit longs to mount with wings,
To Thine abode of peace.

Thy wisdom, Lord, appoints the time,
Thy love prescribes the way;
Yet, Oh ! I long Thy mount to climb,
And wake to perfect day.

Oh ! when will all my sorrows end,
And all my wanderings cease ?
When shall I see my dearest Friend ?
The glorious Prince of Peace !

THE ESPOUSAL.

"Thy first love."—REV. II. 4

CAN I forget the time, O Lord ?
 That moment now I see
 When first, delivered by Thy Word,
 I gave myself to Thee.

The glimpse of opening paradise ;
 The promise where we met ;
 The wonder, and the sweet surprise—
 I never can forget.

Long years have passed away since then :
 In sin I often lay ;
 But Thou didst show Thyself again,
 And chase the clouds away.

Long years of faithfulness have proved,
 How deep Thy love to me !
 Yet that sweet time when first I loved,
 In memory still I see.

FALLEN ASLEEP.

"Fallen asleep."—1 COR. xv. 18.

THEY are not dead, but calmly sleeping,
Who in the Lord their God have died;
While we around their dust are weeping,
They see in heaven the Crucified.

We would not break their quiet slumber,
The silence of their peaceful grave;
But join with them, the countless number,
That sing His praise, who died to save.

Our life would now its grave be making;
Our soul its hindrances lay by;
That we may have a joyful waking,
When we behold Him in the sky.

What sad incumbrances we cherish!
What useless things our lives prepare
Jesus alone the soul can nourish—
His robe alone the soul can wear.

How little all this world can tender,
Immortal souls to satisfy !
How little, all we can surrender,
Compared with joys which bloom on high !

O let not then the soul be longer
A slave unto a fleshly lord !
But daily, through God's grace, be stronger,
And daily nourished by His Word.

When, all life's weary warfare ended,
We mingle with our native clay,
By angel-bands shall we be tended,
Until the break of heavenly day.

When friends around our grave are weeping,
To all their grief be this replied ;
" They are not dead, but calmly sleeping,
And now behold the Crucified."

THE WAITING.

"To be with Christ."—PHIL. I. 23.

For Thy command my spirit waits,
A blest command to me !
To cross the sea which separates,
My soul from heaven and Thee.

Forth at Thy word I long to go,
Over death's narrow sea ;
To bid adieu to all below,
And enter heaven with Thee.

O bear me to the peaceful shore,
Where I shall ever sing !
Without distraction Thee adore,
And pure, thank-offerings bring.

O God, I thank Thee for Thy grace—
The goodness I have seen ;
And now I long to see Thy face,
Without a veil between.

The glimpse of glory Thou hast given,
To light my path below ;
Makes me more long to gain that heaven,
And all Thy glory know.

Thou gav'st the privilege to me—
Thy cause on earth to own ;
And now Thyself I long to see—
To know as I am known.

I feel how little I can do,
And yet that little prize ;
Ready the combat to renew,
If pleasing in Thine eyes.

I would not leave my work undone,
But at my post would stand ;
With joy would see my setting sun,
Yet wait for 'Thy command.

THE PEACEFUL SLEEP OF DEATH.

"My flesh shall rest in hope."—PSALM xvi. 9.

How blest to end this mortal strife,
 And to resign my breath !
 How sweet to enter into life
 From this my daily death !

How calm and peaceful in the grave,
 My aching head will rest !
 My soul, with Him who died to save,
 Reposing on His breast.

The storms of life will not awake
 That deep and silent sleep ;
 No discords on mine ears shall break—
 No tears mine eyes shall weep.

The pain and weakness here I bear—
 The grief for others' woe—
 The sin—I shall not feel them there,
 And perfect peace shall know.

A friend will sometimes drop a tear
Upon the sacred sod ;
And say :—" His body resteth here,
His soul is with His God."

The grass will grow upon my bed,
The dews will nightly weep ;
Their tenderness wakes not the dead,
In his last silent sleep !

My mother-earth will wrap me round,
Calm to her bosom take ;
And carefully exclude each sound
Which might her child awake.

A few more years on time may fall ;
The world will me forget ;
Then Jesus shall His people call,
Whose dust is sleeping yet.

How gladly shall I hear the note,
And wake with sweet surprise !
On angel-wings shall upwards float,
To meet Him in the skies.

IMMANUEL'S LAND.

"Ye are come unto Mount Sion."—HEB. xii. 22.

By faith I have been to a glorious world—
 I have been to Immanuel's Land !
 Its banner of love I have seen unfurled,
 And its army victorious stand ;
 Its Captain, Jehovah, there I perceived,
 At the head of that glorious band !
 To welcome each one who in Him had believed,
 And had fought for that peaceful strand.

Obedient they come to that trumpet call
 Which summons them over death's sea ;
 And into the ranks at once they fall,
 Of that glorious company.
 Exhausted, and weary, and worn, they come,
 Till landed upon that shore ;
 Then they joy in the sight of their heavenly home,
 Where they never shall weep any more !

How gladsome the welcome they now receive,
From heaven's triumphant band !
How joyous the smile which I now perceive,
As they look on their fatherland !
How mournful the earthly homes they have left !
What a painful void is there !
Around their tombs the bereaved ones wept ;
And I heard their cry of despair.

Oh ! wish them not back—those dear ones away—
To a life of pain upon earth !
They are safely removed from the evil day,
And their mourning is turned into mirth.
Oh ! could you but see them as I have seen,
How eagerly you would press—
On earth to be humbled as they have been ;
In heaven their joy to possess !

O gather not flowers around you here,
Nor here build your bowers of bliss !
They will droop in the chill of this atmosphere,
And fade in a world like this !

In heaven God's glorious company greet,
In gladness around the throne;
In grief we here part, in joy we there meet;
Where parting and grief are unknown.

By faith I now ever behold that sight,
And hear their loud songs of joy;
As my soul prepares for her final flight,
To a bliss which no time can destroy !
My friends are assembling around the throne;
For our gathering-place is there—
And soon I shall hear that trumpet tone,
Which calls me their heaven to share.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S RETURN.

"Ten virgins, which took their lamps."—MATT. XXV. 1.

Thy virgins wait for Thee,
And they have waited long;
Thy coming in the clouds to see,
And hear the Bridegroom's song;

To see the lightning flame ;
To hear the trumpet blow ;
To join the angels' loud acclaim—
And forth to meet Thee go.

Lord, we have waited long—
Oh ! when wilt Thou appear ?
The signs, which to that time belong,
Proclaim that Thou art near.
The world will not believe ;
But smiles to see us mourn,
As desolate for Thee we grieve—
Oh ! when will Thou return ?

Thy love took Thee away,
A kingdom to prepare ;
And Thou for us in heaven dost pray,
Until Thou take us there.
Love brings Thee back again,
That we Thy joy may share ;
That we with Thee may ever reign ;
Oh ! when shall we be there ?

A thousand years with Thee,
And all Thy saints to reign ;
And then in heaven eternally,
When Thou shalt come again !
The nations now have heard
The Gospel of Thy grace.
Why should Thy coming be deferred ?
When shall we see Thy face ?

Give us the oil of grace,
Bright in our lamps to burn ;
All slumber from our spirits chase,
Until Thou dost return.
All watchful may we be,
Nor trust a stranger's voice ;
Until Thy countenance we see,
And in Thy joy rejoice.

THE HEAVENLY CITY.

"He showed me the holy Jerusalem."—REV. xxi. 10.

Oh ! cold is the soul that thy name cannot move ;
 Thou faith of our fathers, thou home of their love !
 Thou city of palaces throned in the sky !
 Thou glory reserved for the unsinching eye !
 Oh ! dead were my soul, could I cease thee to love,
 Thou city of God, thou Zion above !

The earthly Jerusalem languishes long—
 No joy in her gates, no mirth in her song ;
 A stranger her lord, her people's heart failing,
 They compass her walls with their weeping and wailing ;
 Their prayers, like water, are poured on the ground ;
 And no answer of peace for Judah is found !

But wondrous thy glory, O Zion the free !
 No weeping, or wailing, or bondage in thee !
 No prayers there unanswered, no praises unsung
 No stammering lips,—no faltering tongue ;

No good ever wished for, no absence deplored—
Thy bliss never ending, thou joy of the Lord !

Thy gates are of pearl, and thy streets are of gold ;
The glories within thee can never be told ;
Thy bulwarks salvation, thy gateways are praise ;
And high on His throne sits the Ancient of days :
Thy temple His glory, thy sun is His light ;
Thy people, the saints in their garments of white.

Oh ! when shall I see thee, when shall I be free ?
An exile I wander, my home is in thee.
Mine eyes on thy splendors, my heart on thee set ;
I think of thee, speak of thee, cannot forget—
Oh ! the joy which awaits me, the heaven of love,
The glory with Christ in Jerusalem above !

THE WELCOME HOME.

Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.—*MATT. xxv. 21.*

SLOWLY and wearily homeward he goes,
Looking and longing for heaven's repose :
Toilfully, painfully drawing each breath,
Wondering if this be the valley of death.

See ! through the twilight a brightness appear !
Hark ! those sweet voices, the Christian to cheer !
" Thy labor is ended, thy rest is now come ;
Welcome, O weary one, come to thy home."

Feebly and faintly he moveth along ;
Yet, through his weakness, there breaks forth a song ;
Sweetly he sings in the valley of death,
Borne up on wings in the triumph of faith.

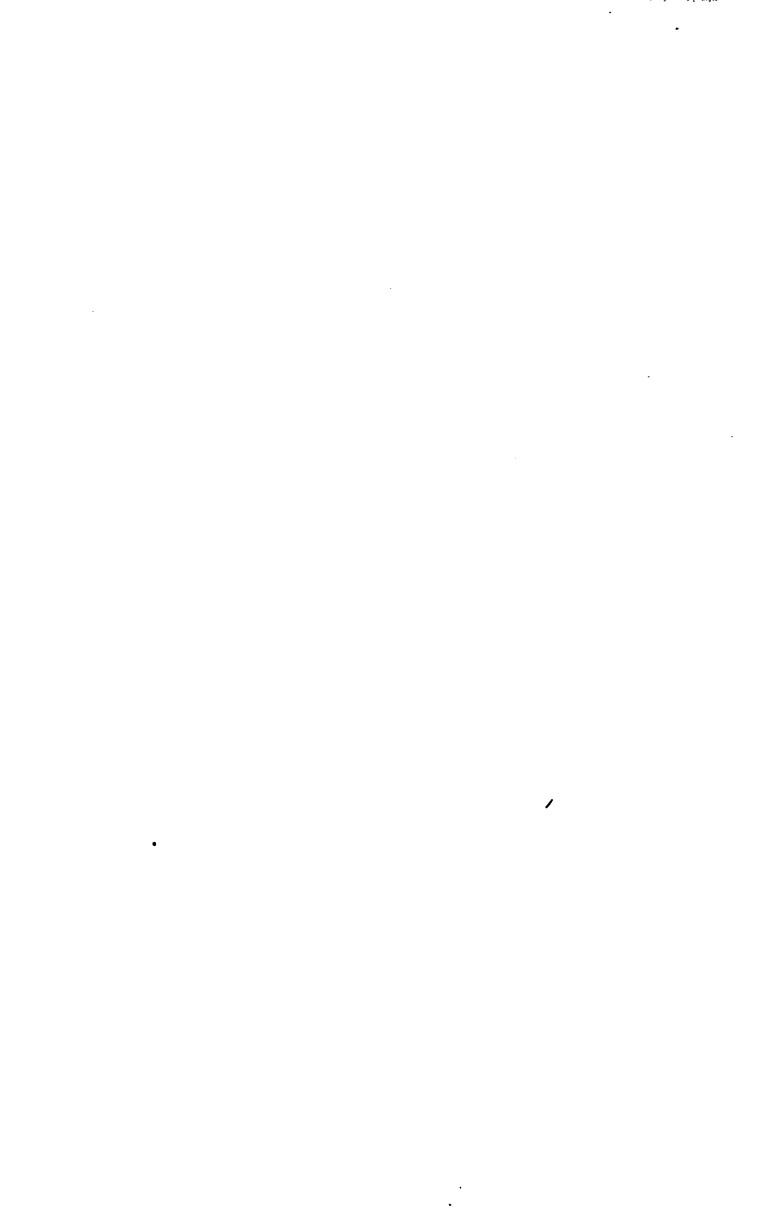
Hark ! those sweet voices come more and more near !
Voices of angels, the loved one to cheer :—
" Thy labor is ended, thy rest is now come,
Welcome, O weary one, enter thy home."

Gently he rests in the chamber of death ;
Struggling no more with his laboring breath ;
Angels attending—his pilgrimage done—
To Heaven ascending—the victory won.

See ! through the veil how the glory appears !
Hark ! how those voices now ring in his ears !
“ Thy sorrows are ended, thy glory is come,
Welcome, O blessed, ascend to thy home.”

Sorrow, and sighing, and sin pass away—
Grace become glory, and night become day.
Open, ye gates, let the conqueror in ;
Trophy of grace from the kingdom of sin !

Shining in holiness, see him arise,
Bright as the sun, not a cloud in the skies !
List to the voice of the glorious One :—
“ Welcome, O blessed, sit down on My throne.”



In Memoriam.

THE following pieces, though not strictly in accordance with the title and design of the Book, are added with the hope, that they may stimulate others to follow them, who, "through faith and patience, now inherit the promises."

MY MOTHER.

AGAIN the long-remembered day
Has made the circle of the year ;
The shadows break and fly away—
But thou wilt never more appear.
Thou, like some exhalation bright,
Didst early to thy Saviour rise ;
Leaving behind a track of light,
To lead thy children to the skies.

The grief on earth—the joy in heaven,
The gap which nought can ever fill—
The bleeding hearts with anguish riven—
Their memory is with me still !
I felt in that most mournful day
Part of myself for ever gone ;
Though other griefs have passed away,
That wound remains unhealed alone.

It must be so—a mother dear,
Is Heaven's most treasured gift on earth ;
A friend to guide our riper year,
And smile upon our infant mirth.
No tale too simple for thine ear ;
No fault which thou couldst not forgive ;
No grief for which thou hadst no tear ;
Ah ! why didst thou no longer live !

Thy memory is blessed still ;
Thou led'st me to my Saviour's feet ;
The fruits of what thou didst instil,
I hope to show thee when we meet.
How oft with pain thy head was bowed !
Thy sufferings I remember well ;
Thy resignation to thy God—
Thy gentle patience none can tell.

Ah ! I remember as I trod,
The path to thy last resting-place ;
My breaking heart gave thanks to God,
That thou didst then behold His face.

Farewell ! thy memory we revere,
 And bless the bright example given ;
 Oh ! may we tread thy footsteps here,
 And meet, one " family in Heaven !"

MY HEAVENLY AND MY EARTHLY FRIEND.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. xviii. 24.

Jesus, Thou art my greatest joy ;
 Thine is a love without alloy,
 O Friend Divine !
 Pure earthly friendship I have known—
 My friend is now before Thy throne ;*
 And I am left to weep alone,
 O Friend Divine !

Jesus, Thou wast our common Friend ;
 Of all our love Thou wast the end,
 O Friend Divine !

* The Rev. David Sandeman, Missionary, who died at Amoy, 31st July 1858.

Thou wast the Friend we long had tried,
More loved than all the world beside ;
He passed away, Thou dost abide—
O Friend Divine !

Our mutual love was love for Thee ;
Our friendship based on piety,
O Friend Divine !
We both loved Thee above all other,
And called Thee our own Elder Brother ;
For life and death desired no other,
O Friend Divine !

We saw Thy judgments in the deep,
Thy righteousness in mountains steep,
O Friend Divine !
To see Thyself in all was given ;
The clouds, Thy chariot swiftly driven ;
Thy mercy shining in the heaven—
O Friend Divine !

On every mountain, lake, or lea,
Thy glory we desired to see,
O Friend Divine !

Unless a glimpse our souls had caught,
We had not seen them as we ought ;
We had not found what we had sought,
O Friend Divine !

Two volumes there before us lay,
On which we pondered all the day,
O Friend Divine !

Thy works, wherein Thy glory shone ;
Thy word, which made Redemption known ;
With God the Father looking on—
O Friend Divine !

A psalm, a hymn, a fervent prayer—
The faith that Thou wast with us there,
O Friend Divine !

A sweetness and a grace supplied,
Which linger on the mountain side ;
The heavens may pass, these will abide—
O Friend Divine !

Time came at last when we must part—
One faith, one joy, one love, one heart,
O Friend Divine !

We walked our last walk hand in hand ;
Thou calledst him to the " Flowery Land ;"
While I remained by Thy command,
O Friend Divine !

He counted earthly gain but loss
To preach the riches of the Cross,
O Friend Divine !
His holy ardor sunlike shone,
In foreign accents scarcely known ;
Before Thou calledst him to Thy throne,
O Friend Divine !

I could not murmur but I wept—
Rejoiced that he the faith had kept,
O Friend Divine !
I often think his face I see,
And hear him whisper, " Follow me,
Jesus will give thee victory,
Our Friend Divine."

When I obey Thy loving voice,
I think how David will rejoice,
O Friend Divine !

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Should sin my foolish heart deceive,
I think—if they in heaven could grieve—
How he would weep to see me leave,
My Friend Divine !

His love and friendship were Thy gift.
To Thee my heart in praise I lift,
O Friend Divine !
Thou Friend, Thou heaven, Thou all to me !
Thee will I bless continually.
In him the ray—the sun in Thee—
O Friend Divine !

And when in Thee we meet at last ;
Wond'ring at all life's dangers past,
O Friend Divine !
We shall delight, as heretofore,
Thee to admire, and Thee adore ;
And sing Thy praise for evermore,
O Friend Divine !

HE SEES JESUS.

"He has gained the object for which he lived—he sees Jesus,"— was the touching expression of his bereaved mother, on hearing of the early death of her son, the Rev. David Sandeman.

JESUS now he sees in glory !
 I still linger here below.
 He reviews " life's finished story,"
 I to heaven still long to go.
 He now sees Him in His beauty,
 All his soul entranced in love !
 I still labor in my duty,
 Panting for the joys above.

He now sees Him in His fulness,
 Bathing in the floods of light !
 While I marvel at my dulness,
 Weeping in the shades of night.
 He now sees Him in His splendor ;
 Joins the songs of Seraphim !
 Feeble praise is all I render,
 As I sing my daily hymn.

Does he know my "chequered story,"
Since he left me in the way ?
Has the bright excess of glory,
Darkened all but heavenly day ?
Does he see me in my duty,
Panting for the joys above ?
All entranced by heavenly beauty,
Living in the light of love !

Does he wonder at my dulness ;
Slowness in the heavenly race ?
Filled with all the Saviour's fulness,
Heaven reflected in his face !
Soon shall I behold that splendor,—
Soon like him be clothed in white ;
Perfect praise adoring render,
Dwelling in that world of light !

MORE THAN A GLIMPSE.*

More than a glimpse he now beholds,
Of the glory he longed to see !
A glorious vision now unfolds,
On the shores of the crystal sea.

More than a draught his soul now drinks,
Of the streams from the great white throne !
His unaccustomed spirit sinks,
With a glory till now unknown.

More than the heavenly notes and strains,
Which his ear upon earth had caught !
He hears the songs which heaven sustains,
Transcending his loftiest thought.

* "Pray that I may have a deep sense of my own sinfulness, and a glimpse of Christ's glory!" was the exclamation of James Martin, a young man in Coleraine. The prayer was granted. After a brief, but consistent, Christian course, he entered his rest.

More than a glimpse to him is given,
Of One he so loved upon earth !
Whose very name was to him a heaven,
And a joy above all its mirth.

We cannot trace his spirit's flight,
As it glanced through the opening sky ;
And bathed in the floods of golden light,
Which streamed from the throne on high.

We may not hear the shouts of joy,
As he enters the pearly gate ;
The welcomes which angel-harps employ ;
The songs which his spirit await ?

We cannot conceive the glory he sees !
Nor bear it if we could see—
Heaven keeps all its deepest mysteries,
For the light of eternity.

A faint reflection over us steals,
As we look to the holy One !
And in favored hour the Spirit seals,
On our souls the light of that sun.

A glimpse of the glory we hope to see,
In mercy to us is then given ;
And the earnest of what we hope soon to be,
Gilds earth with the brightness of heaven !

THE END.

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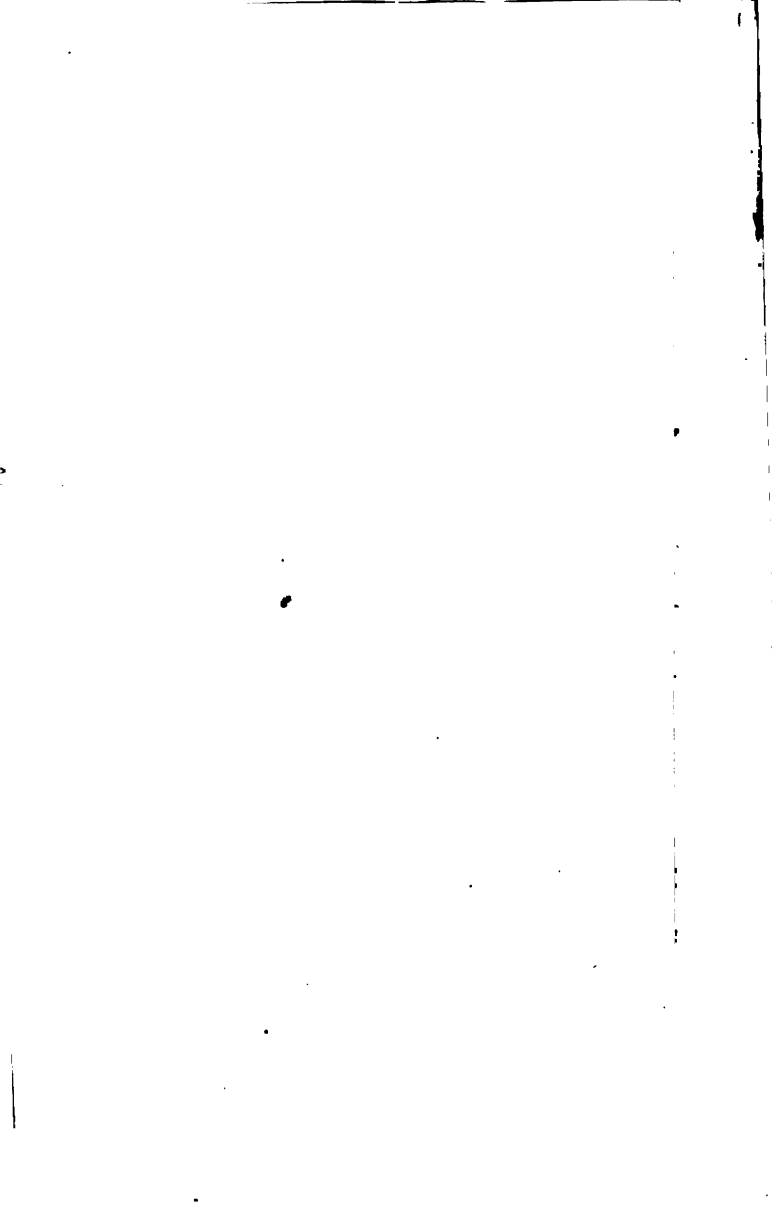
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ALLEN, Oswald

Hymns of the Christian life.

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